New Statesman

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New Statesman

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Cleaning out the stables
David Philip chronicles the recent scandals at Lloyd's and the moves for reform p.8

Turbulent priests
Eric Heffer looks at the radicalisation of the church of England p.12

Czech trials
Jan Kavan reports on the latest crackdown on dissidents in Prague p.17

Ideas of order
Paul Binding reviews *The Boy Scout Handbook* by Paul Fussell p.22

Two timing
John Coleman on the new Merchant-Ivory release *Heat and Dust* p.26

News: pp4-6
Patrick Wintour: CLDC's annual meeting p.7
Michael Rustin: A right to work p.10
Ian Harford: Landownership in Scotland p.14
Geoffrey Bindman: Unjustified police powers p.14
This England p.15
Diary: Christopher Price p.16
Roger Woddis p.16
Martin Bailey: South Africa's borrowing p.18
David Gollob: Spanish abortion p.18
Amanda Mitchison: AID to Egypt p.18
Bretécher p.20
Letters p.21
Patricia Craig: Difficult women p.23
Tom Paulin: Poem p.23
Shorter Reviews p.24
Christopher Hitchens: America p.25
Bill Greenwell: Fiction p.26
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.27
John Spurling: Art p.28
Jules Lubbock: Architecture p.29
Robert Hutchison: Arts Council p.30
Weekend Competition p.30
First Person: John Morrow p.31
Salamanca Crossword p.32
Listings p.35

How will new technology affect your job?

Before you answer, consider the following points:

- Women are concentrated in a far narrower range of occupations and industries than men.
- Women are far less likely to be trained in a technical skill than men.
- Women are far less likely to have educational qualifications in scientific subjects than men.

Depends on whether you're a man or a woman.

In their study of the impact of new technology on women's jobs, the Leeds Trade Union and Community Resource and Information Centre found more job loss among women's jobs than men's, more job creation in technical and scientific fields where fewer women than men are qualified, and evidence of a disturbing range of health hazards associated with the introduction of new technology into clerical work.

New Technology and Women's Employment: Case Studies from West Yorkshire is published by EOC and available free from : Publicity Section, Equal Opportunities Commission, Overseas House, Quay Street, Manchester M3 3HN. Telephone 061-833 9244.

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New Statesman Vol 105 No 2707 4 February 1983

Battle for jobs

TUESDAY'S WHITE PAPER on the government's public spending plans confirmed – if any confirmation were needed – that we are in the run up to a General Election. The small print of these White Papers is not the stuff of which populist politics are made. But the technical point is that the figures have been fixed to make it look as if public spending is now so severely under control that at last axe-man Howe can rest from his labours of these last four years and have a give-away budget in the spring. If the government was in the slightest bit interested in consistency, it would have to point out that the only reason why public spending seems in this White Paper to be undershooting is that the contingency 'reserve' – a normal feature of all recent White Papers – has arbitrarily been cut by £2.5 billion. At the same time, a further £1.3 billion has been 'saved' by putting in the assumption that existing approved spending programmes will undershoot by that amount.

They might. But they would be much more likely to overshoot by as much or more. The main reason for this is that the White Paper makes unrealistically low assumptions for the likely rate of inflation in the coming year; for the likely rate of wage settlements in the public sector; and for the level of unemployment. On all these counts, if the present Treasury team really expected to be sticking to present policy directives into 1984, we should be heading straight for the semi-traditional Treasury-conducted public expenditure cutting crisis in the late summer and early autumn.

The record of Tory economic policy is a disaster of such proportions that, paradoxically, criticism has largely lost its impact. Having failed to deliver any of the promised 'monetarist' economic miracle, it seems that the Prime Minister has persuaded a large part of the electorate that no one could have done any better, that the state of the economy is something like the state of the weather – a phenomenon subject to indifferent forecasting and to little or no human influence.

But Conservative noses must collectively be rubbed in that record, or Thatcherite economic fatalism will become completely accepted wisdom. Another attempt to do so is contained in this week's annual economic review from the TUC. At the purely debating level, the fact that the government's economic policy has failed catastrophically is established by quotations from the Prime Minister's own mouth.

Who in 1980 said: 'We are reaching the trough of the recession'? Who said: '1981 will be the year when results begin to show'? Who in 1981 said: 'There are now clear signs that the worst of the recession is over'? Answer: Mrs Thatcher. And who said: 'The recovery that we foresaw, and worked for, is now taking place'? Or: 'The evidence of a start of a recovery is all about us and not even the most blinkered pessimist could fail to see it? Answer: her Treasury poodles.

THIS CENTRAL FACT must be nailed for all time, or the myth will become established that 'monetarism' was stabbed in the back by monopoly union power, or world commodity prices, or Labour economic policies – and not given a proper chance of working. Mrs Thatcher came in with a (admittedly half-baked) kind of economic theory – sold to her by Sir Keith Joseph and right-wing pressure groups, like the Institute for Economic Affairs and the Centre for Policy Studies. She accepted forecasts of what would result. Each and every one of them – including even the now much stressed lower rate of inflation – was consistently and grossly over-optimistic. The human and industrial price paid by the British people for this sustained and totalitarian experiment in economic and political theory ought long since to have consigned this government to political oblivion.

The reasons why this has not been the case are too well established to need rehearsing again here. In the immediate future it is inevitable that more damage will be done. In the coming budget, money that the Chancellor chooses to give away will in all probability be used to lower tax rates, before it is used to restore the morally indefensible Tory cuts in the real value of social security benefits to those most in need. Tax cuts for individuals will be given priority over capital expenditure and job creation for the future, thus inevitably creating in 1984 and beyond a boom in consumer spending and an associated increase in the imports of consumer goods. The fact that this has been precisely the kind of economic development that Thatcher economic rhetoric has claimed to be avoiding will be neither here nor there after an election.

Even the CBI is forced this week to put out a survey of its members, which shows that another 90,000 jobs are likely to be extinguished in the British economy in the next four months, a survey which indicates quite clearly that, whatever the government may say, business sees no end to this recession yet.

So far as the Left is concerned, the time has passed for tinkering with minor improvements in the way in which economic policy might be made to operate. We carry on page 10 an article by Michael Rustin which describes one radical proposal of the kind that must now be debated. The TUC's own alternative action programme helps to get a realistic overall economic policy onto the political agenda, though the presentation and detail show the inevitable marks of having come through that particlar bureaucratic structure.

Plans for the reconstruction of the domestic economy after Thatcher will have to be constrained by a realistic view of relations with the rest of the international economic system. The level of international economic integration is now such that no medium-size industrial country can pursue a wholly independent policy of expansion alone. The present French government has pushed that experiment to the absolute limit. So domestic reconstruction ought to be combined with an international initiative to restore levels of demand in developing countries as well as in the industrialised North.

A new truth must be made to take the place of Thatcherite propaganda. The battle that must be fought now is not against inflation, for inflation has never been the great bogey. For over 30 years before and after the war this country, in common with the rest of Europe, had steady inflation, at the end of which time a former Tory Prime Minister was able justly to claim that 'we had never had it so good'. The battle is not against inflation. It is a battle for jobs against obscurantist economic dogmas. □

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Bitterness greets return of Lemon

DENIS LEMON, the former editor of *Gay News*, unexpectedly rejoined the paper's staff this week. Robert Palmer, *Gay News*'s owner, announced that Lemon had not been given a letter of appointment or a title, but 'for those people who like labels we can think of Denis as editor-in-chief'.

The news caused consternation and anger at the paper's offices. Since last February, when Lemon sold *Gay News* to Palmer and resigned the editorship, he has been heavily criticised by many of his former colleagues. In particular they argue that the paper's current shortage of cash has been partly – or even largely – caused by Lemon's own financial demands on *Gay News*.

Under the terms of his secret deal with Robert Palmer last year (see *NS* 26.11.82), Denis Lemon was given a £24,000 'golden handshake' (paid by *Gay News*) and a £26,000 downpayment on the sale. He was also promised a further £71,000, to be paid over the following five years. Since Palmer has no capital of his own, the money for these payments had to be provided by *Gay News* itself: the paper's main asset, its freehold office in West London, was sold to raise money for the initial payments.

An instalment of £10,000 was due to Lemon on 31 December 1982 but Palmer was unable to raise the money in time. In his contract with Lemon, Palmer had agreed that if he defaulted on any of the payments, ownership of the paper would revert to Lemon. For the past month staff at *Gay News* have waited to see whether Lemon would re-possess the paper or whether he would, to use a fashionable phrase, re-schedule Palmer's debts.

In the event, the latter seems to have been the outcome, but Lemon and Palmer are, as usual, being highly secretive about the deal, refusing to divulge any of their new financial arrangements. Palmer decided to bring Lemon back as editor-in-chief without consulting the paper's editor, Andrew Lumsden, who feels bitter about the affair. So do the rest of the staff: the first they knew of Lemon's reappearance was when they arrived for work on Monday and found him installed.

Bitter Lemon

Lemon's fitness to work at *Gay News* is questionable. During the 1970s, when he owned the paper jointly with a solicitor called Richard Creed, he and Creed illegally removed postal orders which had been sent in by readers to pay for advertisements or mail-order books.

Last year the *New Statesman* challenged Lemon and Creed about the missing money. Lemon said that the story was 'preposterous' while Creed issued a flat denial: the suggestion that he might have removed any money was 'not true at all'. But the *NS* has now obtained documents which show that Lemon and Creed did indeed take money from the office. In a letter dated 6 November 1978 Creed estimated that he and Lemon had each received about £1,300 'on an informal basis'.

Staff at *Gay News* learned about these 'informal' withdrawals late in 1978, when a staff journalist sent in several blank postal orders under assumed names, as payment for mail-order books. The postal orders disappeared from the office and a Post Office inquiry later established that they had been paid into Creed's bank account.

Creed wrote to his fellow-directors of Gay News Ltd, 'to put the records straight'. He explained: 'The view I took both on behalf of Denis and myself was that if the amounts involved were reasonable and fair it was a mere technicality how the matter was dealt with in the case of a company of which Denis and I are the sole shareholders.' He considered the money to be a 'reimbursement' of expenses.

The reimbursements were so informal, of course, that they did not go through the company's books. Creed also confirmed that he himself had not kept any detailed record of the sums involved, although he estimated that he and Lemon had each been taking about £50 a month in this way. Creed's apparently casual attitude to company law is particularly surprising in view of his position of responsibility at the time: he was not only a practising solicitor but also the co-owner and company secretary of Gay News Ltd.

Creed left the board of Gay News Ltd and sold his shares soon after the fuss about his 'informal' views on money, but he continued to receive an annual 'consultancy fee'.

Lemon, on the other hand, remained at *Gay News*. He apologised to the staff for his behaviour and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, promised that things would be different in future. The staff were impressed by his contrition; but his financial claims since then have made many staff and supporters of *Gay News* see him as the paper's greatest enemy. There is now open warfare in the office, between the staff on the one hand and Denis Lemon and Robert Palmer on the other. 'I feel a little bit like Christ on the Mount of Olives,' Palmer groaned on Tuesday.

Francis Wheen

Extract from solicitor Creed's 6 November letter: 'informed' expenses

Only in the middle of last year did I start on an informal basis to arrange for the reimbursement of the expenses incurred during the last five years. If I was at fault in dealing with this on an informal basis, I owe you an apology. The view I took both on behalf of Denis and myself was that if the amounts involved were reasonable and fair it was a mere technicality how the matter was dealt with in the case of a company of which Denis and I are the sole share holders.

I have not kept detaild accurate accounts of the amounts involved and therefore am not able to confirm to the nearest penny how much has been received during which period. I can however confirm that these payments ly st- 'n the mi-' f last yea- -s an

Seafarers accuse union of sell-out

LAST THURSDAY morning a group of seamen from Cardiff invaded their union headquarters in London. The occupation was the culmination of weeks of anger against the way their national officials had handled a four-month dispute.

It began with strike action in support of the health workers' pay claim and has 'ended' with local Cardiff seamen accusing the leadership of the National Union of Seafarers of signing an agreement with the employers which breaks union policy. In their turn, Head Office accuse them of having a 'political axe to grind'.

In September 1982, 17 seafarers, mainly from the Cardiff area, took solidarity action with the health workers while crewing a Natural Environment Research Council vessel, the *Discovery*, off the coast of Newfoundland. Their action held up sailing for five days. When the captain later attempted to victimise the ship's convener, Musa Nogan – despite an earlier guarantee from the company of no victimisation – the crew began a three-day ban on non-essential overtime.

The company deny there was any attempt at victimisation, and a week after the ship docked at Falmouth they summoned the crew to a disciplinary hearing. The men were not allowed to see depositions against them, cross-examine witnesses, and had no right of appeal. They claimed the hearing had no official status.

On 11 October the seafarers received individual letters of dismissal and were threatened with prosecution under section 30 of the Merchant Shipping Act. This forbids the unlawful combination of seamen – or disobedience of lawful commands – and carries a maximum penalty of two years imprisonment or a £1,000 fine. (It was James Callaghan's government of 1976 which made the penalties so severe – ironically, he is Musa Nogan's MP.)

In response, the NUS held up the *Discovery* at Falmouth while the Cardiff branch of the NUS set up a Disputes Committee to mount a campaign. Local hospital workers supported them by staging lightning 24-hour strikes at a number of local hospitals. And joint pickets of seafarers, health workers and miners were mounted outside NERC's local office at Barry Docks. The Committee also got in touch with crew members on board the *Discovery's* sister ship, the *Challenger*, at Ardrossan in Scotland. There NUS members agreed to strike in

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support, although the crews of NERC's other two vessels refused.

The growing local campaign must have had some effect. For on 12 November, after the intervention of NUS General Secretary Jim Slater, NERC withdrew the threat of prosecution. The sackings, however, remained in force.

Meanwhile, five crew members of the *Challenger* decided to pay themselves off under section 42 of the Disputes Agreement, which allows seafarers to go home while a dispute is on without jeopardising their employment. According to the Disputes Committee, almost immediately Head Office requisitioned five men from the Glasgow pool of seafarers and gave authority for the ship to sail. Said Musa Nogan: 'It was a blatant act of strike breaking which did not help our negotiations with the company.' According to Jim Slater: 'Because the threat of law was lifted we saw no reason why other members should be involved in the problems of *Discovery*.'

There was also a mysterious attempt to get the *Discovery* itself – still holed up in Falmouth harbour – to sail. The General Council of British Shipping advertised for men to crew the ship and a new crew was taken on by the local Merchant Navy Establishment office, a joint union/employer organisation. Although the union denied involvement, a spokesman for the General Council said at the time they would not recruit through the MNE 'without the go ahead from the appropriate part of the union'. Only a sympathy boycott from the Transport and General Workers' Union prevented the ship from sailing.

At a three-day meeting in early December the NUS Executive decided the dispute had 'got out of hand'. On 8 December, Jim Slater wrote to the Cardiff office to say the Head Office were 'dissatisfied with the protracted nature of the dispute' and were taking it over. It signed an agreement with the NERC on 11 January.

The agreement ends the retainer that NERC had paid to seafarers forcing crews to return to the general pool each time they come off a NERC ship to wait to be taken on by another merchant vessel. More controversial is the clause forbidding strike action on board NERC vessels – because of the scientific nature of the work – unless authorised by Head Office. 'Perhaps it can be viewed by the men as not exactly what they want,' said the union spokesman. 'But we've got their jobs back for them. If it was up to NERC some of them would never have got back . . . You have to give and take in negotiations.' The men had no vote on the agreement.

Five of the men, in fact, have still not got work as they were ill when they were offered jobs on the *Shackleton*.

Ceri Jones

Foot denies fudge

LABOUR'S Disarmament Liaison Committee on Tuesday called on Michael Foot to quash rumours that the party's commitment to unilateralism has been watered down in the draft manifesto. Rumours have been rife that the six-person Campaign Committee – which is currently drawing up the manifesto precursor, 'the campaign document' – has agreed a form of words which makes the commitment to close US nuclear bases conditional on the progress of international disarmament talks.

The rumour runs that at a meeting on Monday it was proposed that a reference to the closure of US bases in line with existing party policy should be removed. Michael Foot then proposed new wording, which refers to closure of bases conditional on negotiations with European sister parties, in an attempt to head off a damaging row with his deputy, Denis Healey.

At a weekend meeting of 200-plus Labour parliamentary candidates Healey and Foot were repeatedly asked whether their commitment to nuclear disarmament went beyond a disavowal of the new generation of nuclear weapons such as cruise and Trident, to a rejection of the current British and US non-strategic nuclear weapons in Britain. Joy Hurcomde, the secretary of Labour CND who was present at the meeting, says their replies were 'totally inadequate. Healey has moved to a refusal of cruise but is emphasising the need for European negotiations before any further unilateral initiatives are made'.

Mr Foot is angrily denying the rumour as is a left-winger on the committee to whom I have spoken. The rumours first arose at the annual meeting of Trade Union CND after reports on Channel 4 last Thursday. These TV reports were not based on obtaining a copy of the Campaign Document.

In addition to Foot and Healey, the Campaign Committee members are Sam McCluskie, Eric Heffer, Labour Party chairman and vice chairman, John Golding, chairman of the Home Policy Committtee and Alex Kitson, chairman of the International Committee. Various political advisers and trade union representatives have also been attending.

Labour's Programme '82, confirmed at Conference by a two-thirds majority, states:

> In future Britain should adopt a non-nuclear defence strategy and by becoming the first nuclear weapons state to renounce unilaterally such weapons, breathe new life into worldwide disarmament negotiations . . . we will close down all nuclear bases, British or American, on British soil or in British waters, as a direct contribution to the creation of a European nuclear weapon free zone.

A copy of the Campaign Document, in the possession of the *New Statesman*, makes it clear that within days of taking office Labour will begin to implement an emergency programme of action, including the cancellation of Trident and refusal to deploy cruise. Full NEC members have been deprived of a sight of the Campaign Document. Other key aspects of the programme remain withdrawal from the EEC within 12 months, a national economic assessment, and the reduction of unemployment below a million within five years.

Patrick Wintour

MISCELLANY

Golden rail

MPs are questioning why engineering consultants R. Travers Morgan were given a lucrative £370,000 contract to study the future of the railways. One of the members of the Serpell Committee on railways happened to be Alfred Goldstein, senior partner of Travers Morgan. The Department of Transport also appointed accountants Peat Marwick Mitchell to review British Rail's finances, at a cost of £180,000. A senior partner at Peat Marwick, Jim Butler, also happened to be on the Serpell Committee. Travers Morgan and Peat Marwick Mitchell were both appointed by the Department of Transport, and so come under Whitehall guidelines for using outside firms. These guidelines state that ministries should 'invite an agreed short list of three firms to interviews to discuss the proposed assignment', yet the Department of Transport simply appointed Travers Morgan and Peat Marwick without bothering with a short-list. The code of practice does add that an approach to a single firm 'may suffice' if a firm has 'expertise not widely available'. But Peat Marwick are not the only accountants with railway experience. Even more glaringly, Travers Morgan actually have very little railway experience: they are better known for their work on roads. Shed a tear, though, for Leslie Bonds, the one member of the Serpell Committee (apart from Serpell himself) whose firm did not benefit. Bonds works for the Rank Organisation; perhaps he might consider funding a remake of *The Great Train Robbery*.

Doing as they please

Norman Tebbit may have a point about the General and Municipal workers flouting their rules on the need for a two-thirds majority of the membership before calling a strike, but he shouldn't underestimate the powers of the executive. Clause Eight of Rule Five in the union's rulebook reads as follows: 'The executive council may exercise all and any such powers and perform all such acts, duties and obligations as may be necessary to attain or are incidental to or conducive to the attainment of the objects and general interests of the union whether such powers, duties and obligations are specifically mentioned in these rules or not.' It seems pretty watertight.

Phone freaks

Something very odd is going on at Selby, North Yorkshire, a place described by the local CND spokesperson as 'an area not renowned for its political or social enlightenment'. Last month, veteran Labour councillor Cyril Coultish argued at Selby's housing services committee that a telephone box which is currently positioned outside his house should be moved elsewhere. The committee voted against the idea after another Labour councillor said that 'it's going to look as if a councillor is abusing his position'. Stung by being 'virtually accused of taking advantage of my public position', and by 'the way the telephone box move was turned down', Mr Coultish promptly resigned from the council's Labour group. At this point the Selby branch of CND wrote to Selby Labour Party 'to place on record their approval' of Mr Coultish's reported resignation from the party, since he is a well-known opponent of unilateral disarmament. The CND letter added that 'if councillor Coultish is persuaded to remain in the party and contest the forthcoming local elections, CND will oppose him and field its own candidate'. This warning may now be carried out since Mr Coultish has rejoined the Labour group; at last Friday's Labour Party meeting he was welcomed back into the fold. Meanwhile, the telephone box is refusing to coment.

Voices off

Last week the newspaper for black Londoners, *The Voice*, tried to advertise on Channel 4. The ad showed that week's front cover of the paper, which carried the headline DOORSTEP DEATH above a report on the death of Colin Roach in London. The Independent Television Contractors Association banned the ad forthwith, saying that it showed 'partiality as respects matters of political controversy'. So now we know: adverts extolling the pleasures of knickers week in your Soaraway *Sun* are welcome, but adverts for news reporting are not. Perhaps that's why the new TV-am carries so much glittering guff and so little news: if Frostie and Co indulged in some serious, journalism they might have their franchise taken away.

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Money markets keep up pressure on politicians

MONEY IS NOW leaving Britain at a record rate, and City economists say that funds could continue to be exported at the same rate until the general election, prompting continuing sterling crises. If Labour's showing in the opinion polls improves, money will leave even more quickly.

The money involved is the assets held by institutional investors such as pension funds and insurance companies, as well as funds sent by UK firms to their subsidiaries abroad and money held by foreign investors in Britain while interest rates and the Sterling exchange rate remained high.

One firm of stockbrokers, Messels, estimates that £1,000m of these funds left the country in November and December, mainly on fears of Labour coming to power. The last official figures, for the third quarter of 1982 – released last week – show that even in those three months £1.3 billion was transferred into overseas assets. The level of investment abroad is now more than ten times higher than it was before exchange controls were removed by the Tories in October 1979.

This is all in sharp contrast to the evidence given to the Wilson Committee on Financial Institutions, which was told that if exchange controls were removed there would be only a once-and-for-all movement of money abroad as investment managers took advantage of new opportunities.

It is the Labour Party's plan to depreciate sterling by 30 per cent that has most alarmed financial institutions, since depreciation helps domestic industry (by increasing the cost of imports relative to home-produced goods) but harms the City. (Any funds which they have in the country at the time lose in value by as much as the depreciation.) As one stockbroker put it: 'It's not that people think the Labour Party will get in – they don't. It's just that the potential losses are so great if they do.' Or, to quote a headline in the *Investor's Chronicle*, 'Pray for the Iron Lady – but invest abroad'.

The effect of this financial volatility is highly political. In the short term, it forces the government to push up interest rates (good for the City, bad for industry). It is already being predicted that next month's budget could be less reflationary than expected because the Chancellor will try to reassure the financial markets that all is well (again, good for the City, bad for industry).

If Labour should win the next election, the first thing they will face is a massive run on the pound ahead of the re-imposition of exchange controls – which will in turn almost certainly mean abnormally high interest rates as the new government tries to stabilise the pound's value. There has already been a 12 per cent fall in the value of sterling since Peter Shore unveiled Labour's economic strategy in November, and it is quite possible that the 30 per cent devaluation proposed over 18 months would be exceeded within days, if not hours, of coming to office.

If the Conservatives are re-elected, money will pour back into the country again, forcing the value of sterling up and making industry less competitive and more people redundant.

'The markets are more politically influenced than they have been for seven or eight years', one currency expert told me. 'They're watching the opinion polls far more closely than interest rates.' That causes problems for the government, since the pressure on sterling casts a shadow over what they see as their success with inflation.

'The longer they leave it, the worse it will get,' says David Morrison at stockbrokers Simon and Coates. 'We're expecting a June election – and that's the favourite date in the City now.'

Andrew Curry

Andrzej Krause

Water workers on the slide

AT THE HEART of the water dispute – which seems set to continue for over another week – lies the question of comparability of water workers' pay with that of their colleagues in the gas and electricity industries. Figures produced by GMBATU, the main union involved, show how the water workers have fallen behind over the past decade.

In 1964, water workers earned, on average, 90 per cent as much as gas workers and 94 per cent as much as electricity workers. Their comparative wages then slipped until 1979-80, when a comparability study was carried out as part of that year's pay deal. A 21 per cent rise was then agreed, of which 8 per cent was considered as going towards restoring their comparative position. As a result, water workers' average earnings were again 94 per cent of those of electricity workers and 93per cent of those of gas workers.

Immediately after this deal, however, electricity workers also won a big increase, and through 1980 gas workers gained three separate pay rises totalling over 20 per cent. Water workers had thus fallen behind once again: by 1982 they earned 81 per cent as much as electricity workers and 83 per cent as much as gas workers. This was despite the fact that the 1980 Joint Report on Comparability acknowledged that it was possible to make comparisons of wages across the three industries, and concluded that 'both sides will endeavour to ensure that employees are fairly remunerated in relation to wage rates in industry generally'.

Ian Buchanan, the ACAS mediator, admits that the water workers have been 'victims of wage inflation and the recession'. But he adds bluntly that 'the circumstances prevailing in 1979 which allowed for the provision of a comparability exercise do not apply now; conditions in the labour market have changed to an unparalleled extent as large-scale unemployment has made its impact on terms and conditions of employment – particularly the rate at which these terms and conditions have changed'. As a precis of Thatcherism, Mr Buchanan's report could hardly be bettered.

Patrick Wintour

Civil plutonium 'used for arms'

THE GOVERNMENT's claim that no plutonium produced by the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) has been or will be used for weapons purposes has been forcefully challenged by a senior manager at the CEGB's Berkeley Laboratories, Dr Ross Hesketh, writing in a personal capacity.

In a paper on the use of plutonium from the civil nuclear programme Dr Hesketh argues that over three tonnes of plutonium produced in electricity board reactors and sent to America between 1964 and 1971 were used in US nuclear weapons. He also suggests that unless preventive action is taken, the plutonium due to be produced by the new nuclear power station planned for Sizewell in Suffolk (currently the subject of a public inquiry) could possibly end up in nuclear warheads. The paper is to be published soon by the Centre for Energy Studies at the Polytechnic of the South Bank in London.

He points out that the 1958 defence agreement (as amended in 1959), under which the electricity board plutonium was sent to the US, specified that any material transferred should be used 'exclusively for the preparation or implementation of defence plans.' In the absence of any formal published agreement to use the plutonium for civil purposes, the only 'reasonable presumption' is that it is now in US weapons.

The British government have said that they have been told by the US authorities that the bulk of the material in question is in the form of 'coupons' for the zero energy fast reactor critical assembly and in the core of the fast flux test facility, both part of the US fast reactor programme. A 'sizeable quantity' was said to have been used to make the element Californium for medical purposes, and the remaining small quantity put to 'experimental purposes elsewhere in the civil programme'. Dr Hesketh argues that 'coupons' of plutonium mean pieces weighing at most a few grammes, and adduces evidence from the US to suggest that the 0.6 tonnes of plutonium in the core of the fast flux test facility have all come from the US 'N-reactor' in Washington. He ridicules the notion of a 'sizeable quantity' being used to make Californium, pointing out that less than one tenth of a milligram of Californium has in fact been used in medical therapy.

Because of the growing US shortage of plutonium, he concludes that plutonium from future reactors, such as that planned for Sizewell, could become of interest to the military. He urges that no further civil nuclear installations be built in Britain until the safeguards have been tightened.

Rob Edwards

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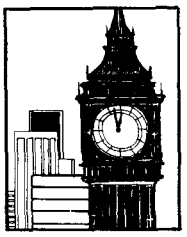

PATRICK WINTOUR

To thine own party democracy be true

THE CONWAY HALL WAS full to the rafters. Six hundred members of the Compaign for Labour Party Democracy had turned up. Dazed participants were found wandering the hall muttering: 'Everyone I've ever known is here.' Above the platform was the paternal inscription: 'To thine own self be true.'

Few aphorisms could have been more appropriate to the CLPD last Saturday as it faced its annual meeting and imminent self-immolation. The AGM had to decide whether or not CLPD should apply to join the party register. CLPD was the last Left group of any size yet to register. Lurking behind the issue was a more strategic consideration for CLPD – should it be true to its past and uphold above all else the sovereignty of party conference?

Ranged on one side were the constitutionalists. Their argument was simple: what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. An advocate of conference sovereignty had to comply with conference decisions, however unpalatable, or invite future ridicule. Refusal to register ran the risk of a suicidal and futile confrontation with the NEC. Ranged on the other side was an amalgam of Bennites and Trotskyists. Together they argued that the register was an offence against democracy and that, anyway, conference decisions were binding only on the parliamentary leadership.

Through the autumn and the winter the constitutionalists have been vitriolic in their criticism of their opponents whom they accused of mounting a take-over bid. Victor Schonfield – CLPD's Treasurer and a man who has done as much as any to further CLPD – issued a highly personal attack on the members of the CLPD executive who supported boycotting the register. 'Pseudo-Left, Windbag Tendency, self-indulgent, self-advertising' were some of his more polite epithets. Schonfield made it absolutely clear that he and other members of the group would leave, if they lost the day at the annual meeting. A measure of agreement was necessary about basic objectives, if the CLPD was to be effective. Inevitably, Schonfield was accused of threatening to take his bat away if he lost. Reg Race MP thought Schonfield's behaviour a 'scandal and disgrace' – a mild rebuke by Mr Race's standards.

Most, however, agreed with Race's underlying premise that, after nine years of effective work, a split in the organisation would be disastrous. However, a few welcomed such a prospect as a chance to clarify existing divisions on the Left. It was argued that the advocates of registering had an entirely different temperament and attitude to politics to that of their opponents. For instance, Vladimir Derer, the CLPD secretary – along with most of the CLPD leadership that advocated registering – favours laborious internal party work above all else. Quietly working the constitution is their game.

For Derer, the 1980 deputy leadership campaign, by being conducted in a Presidential style, was the polar opposite of his favoured approach. 'It had exacerbated existing tensions inside the party just when it was needed to be shown that the new type of election for the deputy leadership was an improvement on the old system.' No one had been able to turn to the Right after the Benn campaign and say: 'See, it wasn't as bad as all that after all.'

A second basic disagreement has concerned Labour's electoral chances. Many of Derer's opponents buy the view of the *New Left Review* and *Marxism Today* that proportional representation is now not only inevitable but welcome. It would further split the Labour Party and detach socialists from the 'economism' of trade unionism. It follows logically from this view that there is little need to compromise with the Right over the register.

WHETHER THESE AND OTHER differences were now so pervasive on the Left that it would be better to part company was arguable. Certainly the CLPD membership were completely divided on the issue of the register. A consultative postal ballot had produced a desperately narrow result: for registering 50.6 per cent, against 49.4 per cent. As the AGM approached, it became clear that both sides were doing all they could to muster a majority. Two separate slates of candidates for the executive emerged (I was on the slate that favoured registering).

The smart money suggested that Schonfield et al would lose. The reasoning behind this reveals something of the palsied state of the Labour Left. It was known that two Trotskyist groups – one mad, the other not – were intending to turn up in numbers. Combined with some unaligned and some Bennites – who tend to deal in names rather than numbers – it was thought that this alliance would have a majority and be able to win the executive.

On the day, the two Trotskyist groups duly arrived. One is known as Socialist Organiser, the other as the Socialist Labour Group. The SLUGs, as they are affectionately known, left the Workers' Revolutionary Party in 1970. Ever since they have maintained a commanding presence in the Wood Green area. Elsewhere along the Piccadilly Line, recruiting has gone less well. They are thought to have only 50 members in toto. To the connoisseur of deformed Trotskyism, SLUGs are something of a treasure. One leaflet going the rounds at the weekend pointed out: 'If the WRP represent the cream of Equity, the SLG represents the extras from Clockwork Orange.'

So there we all were – with four million unemployed and Labour fading fast in the polls – all set to decide whether or not the CLPD should confront the NEC. The time for the vote had finally come when it was discovered that no one knew how the vote could be fairly counted. There had been a muddle about the distribution of the coloured voting cards, so that if there had been a show of hands some delegates could have voted twice. A red-faced pause ensued while the CLPD hastily reviewed its own democratic procedures.

It was finally decided that all delegates should troop through one exit or another according to their opinion of the register. The parliamentary system of voting had been reinvented. But there was a further problem. The people in the Gallery had to troop in and out of doors as well. It was announced ominously from the platform that 'one of the doors in the gallery did not lead anywhere'.

Apart from the richness of the political symbolism, the image conjured up a certain imminent danger. Would hapless gallery delegates open a door into thin air? Would the Conference Arrangement Committee rule that this prospect might unfairly influence delegates' voting patterns, or for a correct cause were delegates prepared to take the chance and leap into the street below? Given the whole preceding debate, such acts were not to be ruled out.

However, the matter was resolved amicably. The vote took place without injury, apart from an unpleasant crush near the Indian food counter. Before the vote was announced we were told sternly not to cheer or applaud when the result was read from the platform; it would be offensive. Inevitably this instruction was greeted with cheers and applause. The result was announced. By 310 votes to 288 it had been decided to register. Balloting for the executive (by exhaustive ballot) was still going on at six in the evening, with recounts long into the night. But by the end it was clear that the advocates of registering had a commanding majority on the executive. On Monday a taxi carried CLPD's application to register off to Walworth Road. □

Peter Kellner will be back next week.

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Cleaning out the stables

Scandal has rocked the cultivated mystique of the Lloyd's insurance market for months. David Philip looks at the scale of the problem facing its newly appointed chief executive

LLOYD'S OF LONDON, the once proud leading insurance market of the world, reported a 1982 turnover of just under £3 billion. This represented just one half a per cent of the world's total primary insurance business. From its former position of global dominance, Lloyd's market share has steadily declined to this point. The main reason has been institutionalised impotence on the part of the Committee of Lloyd's.

The Corporation of Lloyd's itself does not do insurance business. It simply provides the facilities for its members – 21,000 individuals, the so-called 'names' who have to be able to show that they are 'worth' at least £100,000 – gathered in some 400 syndicates which actually 'write' insurance policies, in theory against any conceivable risk. A senior Lloyd's committee member once said, 'Lloyd's is about making lots and lots of money and nobody wants to interfere with that.' Lloyd's has certainly administered its own regulations according to that principle. Most members play no active part in the market. The syndicates are run by 'underwriting agencies', employing individual 'underwriters' to assess risks and set insurance premiums. When an insured risk is large, underwriters usually reduce their syndicate's exposure by buying a 're-insurance' elsewhere. The process is like a bookmaker 'laying off' a large bet. The customer can only get insurance from a Lloyd's syndicate by going through a specially accredited Lloyd's 'broker'.

These brokers make their money by charging a commission on the insurance premiums paid. It is a closed system, until now subject to virtually no outside regulation and wide open to abuse. Successive governments have been content to let this remain the case.

The main problems have arisen because many Lloyd's brokers own underwriting agencies – a situation which creates a clear conflict of interest, because they have an incentive not to give their clients impartial advice about where to insure. By referring clients to their own subsidiaries, brokers can earn both commissions as brokers and profits as underwriters on the same transaction. And further commissions can be taken each time a re-insurance contract is placed. Thus, by judiciously insuring and re-insuring through captive underwriting agencies, insurance premiums to cover insured risk can be substantially converted into safe commissions. This process is called 'premium stripping'.

During the 1970s, American insurance companies turned to Lloyd's to re-insure their own risks in order to protect their capacity to take on new business. (Reinsurance now represents two-thirds of Lloyd's declining business.) The Americans soon noticed the substantial profits which the Lloyd's brokers were able to make out of their captive underwriters. In short order, leading Lloyd's brokers, like Leslie & Godwin and C. T. Bowrings, were bought up by US insurance conglomerates.

The lid came off the Lloyd's can early last year, when Alexander & Alexander Services of Baltimore, Maryland, bought the Alexander Howden Group for £150 million. Howdens is a Lloyd's *broking* company. It owned, among some 200 other subsidiaries, a Lloyd's *underwriting* agency. This was run by Ian Postgate, Lloyd's most successful underwriter, who revelled in the nickname 'Goldfinger'. He was responsible for 17 syndicates including Lloyd's largest – 'Marine 127' which has 3,500 'members'. It is now alleged that four Howden directors – Ken Grob, Ronald Comery, Allan Page and Jack Carpenter, together with Postgate – had, since 1975, been secretly making insurance transactions (under the unlikely codenames of Bloomers, Blissful, Karoli, Skyair and Hereford respectively) thereby misappropriating Howden money – $55 million since 1980 alone.

ALEXANDERS INITIAL response was to begin secret negotiations with the directors involved for the return of various securities, cash, works of art and the contents of a French villa. These fell through last August. Alexanders then tried to make good the loss by taking £20 million out of reserves set aside by Howden-run syndicates to meet future claims. The threat of litigation from syndicate members put a stop to that. Alexanders tried to 'lose' the $40 million net loss involved to the Howden Group by claiming it as 'additional goodwill' in the $300 million originally paid by Alexanders for Howdens. It was forced to abandon this ploy by the US Securities and Exchange Commission, a regulatory body with teeth.

The SEC required Alexanders to treat the Howden loss as a real expense and to file full details of the affair. It was only possible to find out what had happened at Lloyd's by going to Washington DC.

The Americans also discovered some interesting things about Ian Postgate. He has long been a controversial figure. In 1970 he was censured for placing re-insurance contracts for a syndicate he managed with a company then owned by a member of that syndicate. He was also censured for taking on insurance business in excess of 'premium limits'. These limits are imposed by Lloyd's on the amount of business any syndicate can accept; related to the amount of wealth in the syndicate available to meet claims. Postgate juggled business between the various Howden-run syndicates to try to keep within their premium limits. When this ran out he bought 're-insurances' and behaved as if this allowed him to take on underwriting beyond the original limits. This device is apparently now widely used and effectively circumvents Lloyd's supervision of its members' business entirely.

Lloyd's after doing nothing for months, on the argument that the affair was a matter for Alexanders and Howdens, finally acted last September by suspending Postgate from all underwriting.

Only a few weeks later though, it was rocked by another scandal. Minet Holdings, also a Lloyd's broker, is a public company with 120 subsidiaries, 40 per cent owned by American interests. It had apparently put $53 million of business, over a five year period, with several Howden companies. Insurance claims on these policies totalled only $17 million, giving an unusually high profit margin of 75 per cent. Furthermore, a chairman and ex-chairman of two Minet underwriting agencies – Peter Dixon and Peter Cameron Webb – owned between them 16 per cent of an ex-Howden bank (Banque du Rhône et de la Tamise) which had been a conduit for missing Howden re-insurance monies. Then, on 23 November, came the single most damaging blow to Lloyd's credibility. John Wallrock, chairman of Minet itself, resigned after admitting that he had received $2 million out of secret re-insurance contracts placed via certain Gibraltarian companies.

A FEW DAYS LATER the markets reeled beneath a new scandal. Brookgate Investment, which owns the Brooks & Dooley underwriting agencies (which in turn run two Lloyd's syndicates), had set up in 1971 a subsidiary called Fidentia Marine Insurance Co. of Bermuda. This re-insured business from both Brookgate and Howden syndicates. Growth was spectacular. In its first year, although it only had £5,000 of capital, it accepted £750,000 of premiums. In the next six years it received over £20 million and, in 1977, though it had assets of £7.75 million, was sold for the extraordinarily low price of £820,000. The identity of the buyers and whereabouts of the assets still await discovery. Lloyd's investigators are now looking into Fidentia's affairs.

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Lloyd's apologists have claimed that the Committee of Lloyd's was unable constitutionally to deal with the series of scandals which broke month by month throughout last year. In reality, it was complacency and negligence that prevented it from acting. Lloyd's failed to investigate the first hints of trouble at Howdens. It claimed that it had no jurisdiction over 'off-shore' companies, ignoring the fact that their directors were Lloyd's members and underwriters. It failed to prevent a small Howden syndicate with a few select members (No.947) from entering into a re-insurance contract with another much larger Howden syndicate (No. 126), which gave syndicate 947 a 10 per cent profit and left syndicate 126 with a potentially unlimited loss.

These failings can be traced through the entire structure of Lloyd's. Sir Peter Green, Lloyd's Chairman, a staunch defender of the principle that Lloyd's should 'regulate' itself and who once described external regulation of the market as 'the dead hand of bureaucracy' was for months quite content to do no more than 'watch the situation with intense interest,' while relying on Alexander and Alexander to sort out the mess. Sir Peter has other personal problems in appearing firm with these cases. In January 1982, he closed the file on a personal investigation he had conducted (such investigations are most unusual) into improper re-insurance contracts worth £400,000 placed by a Minet underwriting agency – PCW – with a Monte Carlo broker. Department of Trade investigators have since suggested that perhaps that inquiry was closed somewhat prematurely.

It has also been revealed that, until two years ago, Green and Peter Dixon (late of PCW) owned shares in the splendidly named Imperial Insurance Company of Grand Cayman, specialists in US rail union busting insurances. Imperial Insurance is 20 per cent owned by a company (Hogg Robinson), of which Green is a director. Imperial Insurance has also taken reinsurance business from a syndicate managed by Green as underwriter. There is no public record that Green disclosed his various interests at the material time.

There must now be a question mark over the future of Lloyd's. The huge volume of American insurance business is being attracted to the new properly regulated insurance markets opening up in the US and elsewhere. In the words of Albert Lewis, Superintendant of Insurance for the State of New York: 'You would think that an outfit such as Lloyd's would have an accounting system that works, an internal security system and a credit and support system to prevent all that has happened.' New York has all three.

In response to strong but belated pressure from the Bank of England faltering steps are now being taken to deal with the institutionalised malpractices which have undermined Lloyd's position. The old rules which allowed brokers to own underwriting agencies encouraged 'premium stripping' and institutionalised conflicts of interest at the expense of the consumer. But premium stripping also prevents risks from being properly spread, seriously increasing the risks of insolvency among insurers. The Lloyd's Act requires agencies owned by brokers to be sold off within five years. That will be too late to prevent the damage that has already been done, much of which will not become apparent until the claims start rolling in.

NON-DISCLOSURE OF re-insurance has not only benefited the premium strippers but it has also allowed re-insurance risks to be placed with companies that might prove to be completely unable to meet potential claims. Brokers and underwriters have clearly used this anonymity to conceal their interests in re-insurance companies, particularly those 'off-shore'. Last November, the Department of Trade proposed new disclosure requirements. But these will only apply to re-insurers who take on more than 5 per cent of a total risk which is a high proportion. Individual Lloyd's re-insurers aggregated into a single disclosure figure will not need to be specified and no assessment of the financial standing of a re-insurer will be required. Lloyd's itself is introducing two registers of 'beneficial interest' in re-insurers. One will be available to members, simply stating if an underwriter or broker has *any* such interest. The other stating the extent of that interest will remain confidential and available only to the new Lloyd's Council.

Lloyd's accounting procedures have never been standardised. Syndicate accounts contain little useful information. There has been complete freedom to run 'baby syndicates', in which senior underwriters formed a small group to cream off the most profitable business offered to a main syndicate. Sir Peter Green was himself a member of a 'baby syndicate (941)' run by PCW, which has since been merged into a full syndicate of which he is the leading underwriter.

A working party chaired by Ian Hay Davison, senior partner with accountants Arthur Anderson, has proposed, among other things, that, in future accounts, full details of re-insurances should be set out, including estimates of the likely ability of re-insurers to meet these contingent liabilities. Restrictions will be placed on using re-insurances to avoid premium limits and regular accounting standards are to be drawn up. The Lloyd's Committee was not pleased with these proposals. One member said they 'were inappropriate since they would lead to members being overburdened with too much potentially confusing information'.

So far, no one has been able to dent the self-interested inertia of Lloyd's administrators and self-supervisors. In a desperate effort to restore confidence and to demonstrate an intention to enforce the new regulations, Lloyd's has agreed, (virtually at Bank of England gun point), to appoint Ian Hay Davison as a full time chief executive on £120,000 per annum. Whether he will be able to handle Green (who was recently re-elected as Chairman) and the other members of the newly formed Lloyd's Council (made up principally of underwriters' nominees) is still unclear. □

Lloyd's: Business and funny business behind closed doors.

John Sturrock/Network

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ECONOMY

A right to work

Michael Rustin makes a proposal for a radical shift in the working of the mixed economy

LIBERAL REFORMERS and socialists alike agreed that unemployment had been the principal blight of capitalism in the 1930s. A popular commitment to full employment, encouraged by the 1944 Employment White Paper, was one of the main reasons why the electorate rejected the Tories in 1945.

Yet forty years later, unemployment is back at 1930s levels and steadily rising. While it registers in opinion polls as the most urgent social problem, there is no confidence in any quarter that a return to full employment is a realistic objective. The Keynesian theory of demand-management – the intellectual prop of 'full employment' policies – has been one of the main objects of attack by the new Right.

Various schools of neo-Keynesians have identified additional instruments of demand management which would, they suppose, make possible a sustained economic expansion. The emphasis of the Social Democrats is on incomes policy; of the Labour Party on devaluation; and of the Cambridge Economic Policy Group on import controls – each seeking to control various unwanted consequences of reflationary programmes conducted from a position of competitive weakness.

While such programmes at least give the growth of real output its proper priority (and would probably bring some progress in that direction), it is unlikely that any, singly or in combination, would bring a return to previous levels of full employment. Not even the advocates of these programmes proclaim full employment as an attainable goal. Yet for Beveridge and Keynes – not to say socialists – full employment was to be the foundation of a just and decent society. Does this retreat signify a necessary recognition of the inevitable, or does it show merely that politicians are trapped in past categories of thinking, when current problems require to be understood in new terms?

The right to work seems superficially to be like other 'social rights', won in the reform programmes of the 1940s – including free treatment in illness, universal education, and a minimum income. But while these rights were linked by a broad concept of citizenship, they were in fact always rights of a very different order. Whereas the rights to ecucation, health and minimum income were established by statute, and provided as universal entitlements, the 'right to work' was merely the intended outcome of a particular market position.

This was a reflection of the mixed economy, hallowed by 'end of ideology' theorists in the 1950s, in which the market sector provided incomes from work, and the state sector social insurance and benefits in cash and in services for those (children, the sick, the old) for whom the market could not ensure basic necessities of life. Consequently, now that the market is no longer able to generate full employment, the right to work has collapsed.

Our approach to the mixed economy needs to be modified to take account of this change. A balance between public and private sectors of the economy which met certain social objectives in one period, no longer meets them today. We should reconsider the basic architecture of the economy, as earlier liberal and socialist reformers were bold enough to do in their time.

In particular, in my view, governments should set out to achieve full employment not merely by the indirect means of 'demand creation' or 'improved competitiveness', but by directly ensuring that all resources of labour can find productive use. Where governments now compensate for the malfunctions of the labour market (by providing subsistence incomes or outdoor relief) I propose that they should instead supplement the market by intervening directly to provide jobs. They have already stumbled along this road in a piecemeal way with employment subsidies – especially with YOPS and WEEPS schemes, directed towards the young unemployed. Such schemes should be developed into a comprehensive provision. This provision should be embodied in a statutory obligation on governments to ensure that work is available for all, and in the corresponding right of citizens to be provided with a job.

This proposal represents redefinition and a boundary shift in the mixed economy, but not (necessarily) its supercession. It would entail a partial socialisation not of capital (hitherto socialists' main preoccupation) but of labour. Governments would take responsibility for employment creation only to the extent that existing labour markets, in both private and public sectors, were not able to provide work. There would be need to ensure that the provision of 'residual' employment of this kind did not unduly distort existing labour markets, but such problems arise for many other forms of State intervention in a market economy (for example with subsidies to energy or transport) and should not be insoluble.

The proposal seems economically feasible (and beneficial) when one takes into account the high costs to the State of existing levels of unemployment. Not only does government have the burden of paying unemployment and supplementary benefits to the unemployed and their families, but also loses taxes and NI contributions.

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Subsidies for work creation are justified on this basis where they do not exceed the total costs to the state of maintaining the workless. This suggests that nearly everyone would benefit from a redirection of State expenditure from unemployment relief to subsidies for work. The Treasury's Economic Progress Report for February 1981 calculated the total cost to the State of the average unemployed worker from the private sector at £3,400 per annum, which might indicate a reasonable level of economic work subsidy.

It is the dominance of economic theories whose implicit value-priorty is the interests of rentiers ('sound money', low inflation, the export of capital) which has displaced the production of real wealth as the proper object of economic policy.

The implementation of a statutory right to work would obviously require detailed institutional planning beyond the scope of this article. The agencies to provide work or work-subsidies should be regionally-based, because of regional disparities in unemployment levels. One of the problems with general reflationary measures has been that their inflationary effects in more prosperous regions have caused them to be curtailed long before unemployment disappears in depressed areas. It is imperative, therefore, that regions have some separate control of their own employment programmes.

Agencies (called, say, Regional Employment Boards) should be set up, able to pay employment subsidies to existing private and public employers and with some claims also on capital funds to create useful work where employment subsidies alone were not enough.

Government could annually assess unemployment levels in each region and determine the extent of funding for each Regional Employment Board to restore full employment levels. Existing employers would be paid to take on a proportion (whose maximum would be related to regional employment levels) of their workforce at subsidised rates. The 'multiplier effects' of employment creation would make such subsidies to a degree self cancelling, since as unemployment levels fell, so eligibility for subsidy would also diminish. Where subsidies to existing employers did not absorb all unemployed workers, Regional Boards would instigate schemes for the direct creation of work (in cooperation with local authorities or voluntary organisations, for example).

Funds for employment creation should also be channelled through organisations at a neighbourhood level (parish councils and their needed urban equivalents) and to co-operatives and worker-controlled enterprises, as well as through the larger local authorities. The way in which the impersonal and bureaucratic provision of 'social goods' has discredited socialism as a popular idea could be reversed if face-to-face communities were given resources for their own long-term betterment. If such funding were continuous, and locally accountable, there need be no sense of futility of the kind that now seems often to be present in YOPS schemes.

It is artificial to separate employment creation from the wider context of economic policy. The statutory right to wrk is not proposed here as an alternative to other expansionary measures, but as one element to be combined in practice with others. Its purpose is to ensure an absolute priority to the opportunity to work and to ensure that it is not again abandoned as an objective when other economic programmes fail. The right to work could be embodied as a principle, to recover full employment as a central object of socialist – or even social democratic – economic policy. Limited programmes of job creation and notional targets of so many million more jobs over five years will not have this effect, and will in any case be eroded by the pressures of office.

Making the right to work into an absolute entitlement, like other social rights such as rights to income or schooling, would enforce a specific change of priorities. It will be argued that such a statutory right would cause inflation, by encouraging unproductive public expenditure. It is desirable that public expenditure should be as productive of real values as possible. The subsidy proposal is designed to meet this aim. In any case, the argument that wealth is only produced through the market is almost wholly ideological, amd must be directly confronted. It will be said that a statutory right to work would also be inflationary, as it would strengthen the bargaining power of trade unions. It is as well to recognise that the ending of unemployment would remove a major sanction from the employer's side and to acknowledge that, in return for a statutory right to work, planned means of limiting wage inflation might be called for. The injustice and waste of unemployment is such that redistribution of incomes to pay for such a scheme, by incomes policy or taxation, would be justified.

It should be stressed that what is envisaged in this proposal is the provision of work at the rates prevailing elsewhere for the work offered, and not the undercutting of established working conditions. The involvement of unions in the management of such schemes would be a necessary safeguard.

One problem is that the interests of the unemployed have not had the highest priority for those in work, and nor therefore for the unions who represent them. But here is a case where socialist and egalitarian priciples should count for more than occupational self-interest. Given the growing scale and threat of unemployment in Britain (and the associated problems of urban decay and disorder) it is just possible that the Left could capture the initiative by reasserting that the right to work is a fundamental principle, and would in this new way be central to its programme. □

A fuller version of this proposal appears in the January-February issue of *New Left Review*.

This and other contributions on unemployment will be debated at the Socialist Society Annual Conference on 5-6 February at Sir William Collins School, London WC1. Other participants in this session will include Veronica Beechey, Tony Benn, Judith Hunt, Robin Murray, Bob Rowthorn and Hilary Wainwright. Details from Socialist Society, 7 Carlisle St., London W1. 01-734 8501.

It's not over 'til the fat lady sings

That's the cardinal rule of opera-going—or so a less than reverent American once remarked.

Still, even the best of us can sometimes be left in mid-cadenza.

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CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Turbulent priests

Eric Heffer looks forward to the General Synod and assesses the radical tendencies within the church establishment

NEXT TUESDAY, 8 February, the Church of England begins its four day General Synod at Church House, Westminster. Its agenda ranges from the use of redundant churches for the worship of non-Christian faiths, via the Act of Settlement 1701, (which contains the words 'or shall not marry a Papist', in relation to the Royal Family – words which the Reverend Brindley of Oxford proposes should be removed), via uniform church fees for funeral services and the Church's attitude to cable TV, to the key debate on Thursday on the Board for Social Responsibility's Report *The Church and the Bomb*.

The government and the Tory Party are deeply concerned about this Report. Canon D.W. Gundry, writing about the forthcoming Synod in a recent edition of the *Daily Telegraph* said, 'There is almost certain to be a speech by Mr John Selwyn Gummer, Conservative MP for Eye, supporting Government policy.'

It is worth looking at some of the conclusions and recommendations in that Report. The Working Party agrees that its nuclear weapons recommendations will not command universal assent, but that the arguments put forward provide solid justification for them. The Report says, 'The balance of terror is plainly not a secure way of keeping the peace. It becomes more precarious month by month, and will become more difficult still if horizontal proliferation of nuclear weapons proceeds. There is a need for new disarmament strategies which care about security and stability, but which will also break the log-jam in which we seem to be caught. Such strategies might be of two kinds: to continue negotiating on a multilateral basis, but with renewed vigour; or to take unilateral measures at the start in the hope of getting multilateral reductions moving. We prefer the second alternative . . .'

Earlier in the Report, the paradoxes in the theory of 'deterrent' are considered – 'If the deterrent is to work, you have to convince an enemy that you are willing to use it, but if you have to use it, it has failed.' Like the Labour Party, the Report does not call for Britain to leave NATO, but argues for both unilateral and multilateral action on the bomb. No wonder Tory politicians are angry. To some of them, it is a betrayal of what the Church stands for. They feel as Stanley Baldwin felt in 1926, when William Temple, Archbishop of York, intervened with other Bishops to try to settle the miners' strike which continued long after the General Strike. Baldwin asked how the Bishops would like it if he referred to the Iron and Steel Federation the revision of the Athanasian Creed.

Or as Neville Chamberlain felt as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1934 – when replying to a suggestion from Temple in *The Times* that cuts in unemployment allowances should be restored before income tax was cut – 'When I read the letter I thought it was a pity that the Archbishop should suggest, as it seems to me he did by implication, that Members of Parliament require to be reminded of humanitarian feelings which otherwise would not occur to them.'

Bishop Temple replied to these attacks as Bishop Sheppard of Liverpool replies to such attacks today, 'firmly and politely'. In his excellent book *Bias to the Poor*, David Sheppard says to those politicians who believe that priests and parsons should refrain from political comment, especially on such issues as nuclear weapons, unemployment and poverty, 'Christianity is rightly concerned with the wholeness of life, that includes both human hearts and social structures.' William Temple said in his essay *Christianity and Politics*, 'No firm line can be drawn marking off those sides of public life and its ordering which properly concern the Church from those which do not.'

FOR FAR TOO LONG, the Church of England has been regarded as the Tory Party at prayer. Yet the Church has always had a radical trend within it. It was the Reverend Charles Kingsley, an early Christian Socialist in the last century, who said, 'I am a Church of England clergyman, and I am a Chartist.' It is important to recall that, in the Anglican Communion, there have always been such outstanding socialist figures as F. D. Maurice, Stewart Headlam, Conrad Noel and John Groser. Today, there is the Jubilee Group. As John R. Ovens says in his pamphlet *Politics and the Kingdom – The Legacy of the Anglican Left*, 'By social revolution, it is important to remember, the Anglican Left did not mean merely a change in economic or political arrangements and certainly not the dull uniformity and bureaucratic tyranny which today masquerades as socialism. Maurice and those who came after him had one goal: the joyful Kingdom of God on earth. For it they sacrified their careers and their reputations. To do so required extraordinary faith and vision. For us, tempted as we are to embrace the fashionable despair of our troubled age, that faith and vision is surely their noblest legacy.'

I am not suggesting that the Anglican Left, as defined by Ovens, is about to take over the Church of England, but the Church can no longer be considered the preserve of the Tory Party – Centre-Left political concepts are clearly taking hold. As Father Ken Leech wrote recently in *Marxism Today*, it is 'more concerned to speak of a broadly liberal perspective, entirely to the Left of the Government.' This fact is reflected in the *Church Times* editorial of 14 January (*God and Caesar*) which said, 'When Tories adopt a tone which suggests that the material interests of the middle class in one nation are the only criteria which are not 'wet' they become morally suspect; and the sad fact is that Mrs Thatcher's own Iron Lady image has sometimes seemed rusty when viewed in the light of Christian ethics.'

Over the years, the Church has taken a stand on a whole series of social and allied political issues. It has recently issued an educational pack *Unemployment and the Future of Work* in which it is argued that few people now believe that the government's economic policy is working. Church people are urged to join with others to protest.

On 7 January, the *Church Times* had as its front page lead story the Eucharist for Racial Justice, held at St Clements Church, London, by the Jubilee Group of Anglican priests. On the same day, eight Bishops gave their backing to a campaign launched by the Action Group on Immigration and Nationality (AGIN) designed to repeal 'the worst features of the 1981 Nationality Act'. Father Kenneth Leech, the celebrant at the Eucharist, said that it was 'an act of penitance for the racism which has led to the Act' and was also a 'commitment to racial justice'.

A growing radicalism embraces all sections of the Church and is not confined to any particular group. The Anglican Evangelical Assembly recently had before it a number of radical motions from the 'Eclectics', an under-40s group of evangelicals. Their motion welcomed 'recent events in the Church', such as the stand made by Church

Bishop Sheppard strikes out for the poor

Camera Press

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leaders who refused to accept 'nationalistic theology' in the service held in St Paul's after the Falklands Campaign. Other radical groups include Christians Against Racism and Fascism.

TORY REACTION TO THESE recent developments in the Church has ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous. One group of eleven Tory MPs has decided to organise a conference to put the case for Conservative Christianity. The organiser of the Conference, Mr Mervyn Kohler, stated, 'We want people to wake up to the fact that there are Christians in the Conservative Party.' It is said that Mrs Thatcher thoroughly approved of this initiative. One Tory MP, Mr Harry Greenway, has gone so far as to claim that 'Jesus called us to be Conservatives not Socialists'. It is obvious Mr Greenway has not studied the ideas of the early fathers of the Church, such as those of St Gregory the Great.

What is interesting is that it is the Tory Party which is on the defensive in Church affairs. The fact is that the Labour Party (apart from a few individuals like myself) is largely indifferent to what happens in the Church. The Socialist clergy in the Church of England have always been a small minority – even though William Temple was, for a short time, in the Labour Party, he was clearly not 'party political'. The same can be said for Bishop David Sheppard, although his view can hardly be considered politically *conservative*: 'It is precisely the arbitrary nature of the market which means it must not be allowed to be our sole master,' he argues in his book. And, 'Christians have important common ground with Marxists'. The common ground he outlines is the belief that both know man is a social being; that both agree that economic and political environment affects one's thought and destiny; that who controls the means of production is an important issue to both; and that there is a mutual indignation at the unequal distribution of wealth and opportunities. It is understandable that Tory politicians should feel that their world has turned upside down.

Undoubtedly, this Synod will be an interesting, perhaps even a momentous one. Mr Frank White, MP, who was a Church Commissioner during the period of the last Labour government, told me that with all the fringe meetings that take place at the Synod, it really does have similarities to Labour Party Conferences. He said his experience was that within the Church the issues of unemployment and the bomb were of major importance. There was, in his view, a large body of radical opinion. As far as the bomb is concerned, he believes Church people are not necessarily taking Labour's position, but most believe that they have 'got to do something'. There is at the moment a 'delicate balance' among parishioners, but if the anti-bomb thrust is maintained he believes that Labour's view, which is similar although not identical to that in the Report, will be accepted.

No one at this stage can predict the precise outcome of the Synod debates. As one well-known ex-Tory politician, who is a member of the Church, said to me: 'It's early days yet.' But the working party that compiled the *Church and Bomb* report has now decided to put down for debate a motion (or an amendment) that will call on the government to disengage from nuclear weapons; to scrap Polaris; to cancel Trident; and to negotiate an end to agreement for the present or future deployment of nuclear weapons on British soil. It is said that the Bishop of Salisbury, the chairman of the working party, will move this motion on its behalf.

Recently, Roman Catholic Bishops in the USA are said to have made President Reagan angry, and to have severely embarrassed him, because of their letter on nuclear weapons. One can only hope that the Synod does the same to our Tory political leaders. After all, if they do, they will be helping to save mankind. That in itself will be the most important step towards creating 'God's Kingdom here on earth, as it is in Heaven'. □

RELIGION AND SOCIETY HISTORY WORKSHOP

Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1
Thurs. 7 July-Sat. 9 July 1983

Papers include:
Christopher Hill, *God and the English Revolution;* **Mary Chamberlain, Mary Kennedy,** *Catholic Girlhoods;* **Michel Vovelle,** ***Dechristianisation in 18thC France;*** **Bob Scribner,** *Art and the Reformation;* **Judith Herrin,** *Worship in Byzantium;* **Gerald Studdert-Kennedy,** *The Industrial Christian Fellowship;* **Rev Kenneth Leech,** *Catholic socialism in East London;* **Rev Edward Charles,** *Memories of the Church of England;* **Gareth Stedman Jones,** *Utopian Socialism;* **Peter Fuller,** *Christ;* **Elizabeth Clark,** *the 4th Century Church;* **Eileen Barker,** *The Moonies;* **Bryan Wilson,** *Contemporary Sects;* **Eileen Yeo,** *Chartist Belief and Liberation Theology;* **Logie Barrow,** *Plebeian Spiritualism;* **Sheridan Gilley,** *Popular Catholicism in the 19th century;* **Christina Larner,** *Witchcraft in early modern Europe;* **John Walsh,** *Wesley and the Poor;* **Paul Preston,** *Religion and Fascism in southern Europe;* **Neal Ascherson,** *the Church in Poland;* **G. H. Jenkins,** *The Roots of Methodism in Wales;* **Andy Durr,** *Freemasonry in 18th and 19thC England;* **David Luker,** *Cornish Revivalism;* **Michael Ignatieff,** *Religion and Desire in 18thC England;* **Raphael Samuel,** *Black Beauty;* **Paul Thompson,** *The Protestant Ethic in NE Scotland;* **Alan O'Day,** *Religion and the Ulster Question;* **Peter Flynn,** *Catholicism in Brazil;* **Louis Billington,** *Women preachers in America;* **Rev Robert Morrison,** *Ministers and the Peace Movement;* **Barbara Taylor,** *Emma Martin;* **Nicky Harrison,** *Nuns and Prostitutes in 18thC Spain;* **Deniz Kandyoti,** *Women in Islam;* **Beat Carre,** *17thC Quaker Women;* **Sarah Lambert,** *Women in the Crusades;* **Alison Milbank,** *Josephine Butler;* **Heide Wunder,** *Peasants and Religion in 1520s Germany;* **Martin Palmer,** *Missionaries in China;* **Ruth Richardson,** *Pauper Funerals;* **Anna Davin and Susan Owen,** *Cleanliness and Godliness;* **Gerald Sider,** *Protestant and Catholic in Newfoundland;* **Michael Lynch,** *The Reformation in Edinburgh;* **Glanmor Williams,** *Religion and social life in Wales;* **Gerald Connolly,** *the Irish in Britain;* **Gerhard Benecke,** *Atheism in 17thC Germany;* **John Bukowczyk,** *Polish Immigrant Heresies in the USA;* **D. Andrews,** *Black Methodists;* **Kate Crehan,** *Prophecy and modes of production in Zambia;* **William Beinart,** *Nationalism and Peasant religion in S. Africa;* **Ashraf Gani,** *Islam & the Sufi Orders;* **Fred Halliday,** *Politics of Islam;* **Michael Gilsenan,** *Sociology of Islam;* **Siep Stuurman,** *Religion and Society in the Netherlands;* **Alex Wittendorff,** *The Danish Reformation;* **Hans Vannem and Niels Finn Christiansen,** *Religion and popular movements in 19thC Denmark;* **Michael Goodich,** *Medieval Saints;* **Henry Abelove,** *The Sexual Politics of Wesleyan Methodism;* **Alun Howkins,** *Chapel nonconformity in 19thC England;* **Ralph Gibson,** *Reactionary Catholicism in 19thC France;* **Frances Lannon,** *the Church and the Spanish Civil War;* **J. R. Hodgkins,** *Nonconformity in Metropolitan Essex;* **Alan Bartlett,** *the Churches in Bermondsey, 1880-1970;* **Ivan Gaskell,** *Art and Religion in 17thC Netherlands;* **Casper von Grayertz,** *Protestant Autobiography in 17thC Germany;* **Martin Zerlang,** *Sin and Self in early 19thC Denmark;* **John Edwards,** *Jews and Christians in Medieval Spain;* **Todd Endelman,** *Jewish Converts to Christianity in 19thC England;* **Alex Owen,** *Women in 19thC Spiritualism;* **Lyndal Roper,** *the Reformation and the Regulation of Sexuality;* **Judith Champ,** *Roman Catholics in 18th and 19thC England;* **Robert Colls,** *Methodism and the Miners;* **Adrian Cunningham,** *Roman Catholicism and 'Merrie England';* **David Ormrod,** *Anglicanism and the Social Question;* **G. J. Pickard,** *Liberal Anglicanism 1930-1950;* **Terry Cyprian,** *Marxist Priests in the Church of England, 1930-1955;* **Inga Glendinner,** *Franciscan Missionaries in the New World;* **Peter Burke,** *Religion and Mentalities;* **Phyllis Mack,** *Religion and Psychology;* **Don Lewis,** *The London City Mission.*

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SCOTLAND

Highland grouse

Ian Harford on the curse of the big estates

MUCH PUBLICITY HAS been given to the fate of the 50,000 acre Knoydart estate on the west coast of Scotland. But it is only one example of major changes in the pattern of land ownership in Scotland. There are others of almost equal significance.

Take Candacraig House in Aberdeenshire. It stands in its own grounds overlooking the River Don in one of Scotland's most beautiful and unspoilt areas. But this is no ordinary house, for the surrounding estate and hills extend to some 13,500 acres of farmland, woods and grouse moor. Last summer Candacraig was put on the market by its 34-year-old owner, Falconer Wallace, for £3.4 million – an asking price that is reputed to be the highest ever for a Scottish sporting estate. Apart from 3,800 acres of commercially developed woodland, which can be separately purchased for £1.8 million, the main attraction of the estate is the shooting. An average of 2,725 grouse have been shot each season over the last ten years. An added attraction for some would-be buyers may be the neighbours on the adjoining Delnadamph Estate, which was recently purchased by the Queen for Prince Charles.

How typical an example is Candacraig of landownership in Scotland, and are there still people who can afford to pay this kind of money for their sport? Comprehensive figures for land ownership are hard to obtain because there is no effective form of land registration, but the general picture is clear. Of a total 19 million acres in Scotland, 63 per cent is privately owned in estates of over 1,000 acres, and a third is held in the largest 100 estates.

In an average year, about 20 large estates will come on the market covering anywhere between 100,000 and 200,000 acres. Estate agents in Edinburgh find there is no shortage of purchasers provided the location and other features are right. An estate at Gannochy was sold earlier in the year for about £2.5 million to an American family. Foreign buyers have been especially prominent since the early 1970s, because land in Scotland is relatively cheap and purchase is unrestricted. The Northfield Committee, reporting in 1979, estimated that, in the years 1970-78, 230,000 acres of Scottish land had been sold to overseas interests in 66 separate purchases, giving foreigners control in all of about 2 per cent of Scotland.

This movement of foreign capital into Scotland has therefore not yet significantly altered the profile of the landowning class. A good many of the old nineteenth century owners have sold their lands, but there is still a strong relationship between the aristocracy and large estates. Just five of them – the Dukes of Atholl, Buccleuch and Westminster, Lord Seafield and the Countess of Sutherland – own between them over 850,000 acres.

These five are members of an old aristocracy, but many of Scotland's landed aristocrats and landed gentry are from industrial, commercial and financial families, who built up massive estates with fortunes made in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Cowdray (building contracting), Leverhulme (soap), Vestey (meat), Noble (armaments), Inchcape (shipping), Whitbread (beer) and Wills (tobacco) are all examples. Alexander Wallace, who originally bought Candacraig Estate in 1900, made his money as a merchant banker and was Governor of the Bank of England.

THE RICH HAVE ALWAYS regarded land as a safe investment. Ever since Queen Victoria bought the 17,000-acre Balmoral Estate in 1852, they have also regarded the ownership of Scottish land as fashionable. It has not, however, brought large financial returns, and many landowners have subsidised their Highland sporting estates from more profitable activities elsewhere. In response to death duties, taxation and rising maintenance costs, the trend now is towards making the estates pay their way. Forestry development, with the benefit of generous grants and tax concessions, has been one method. The commercial letting of the stalking and shooting has been another. Successful management of a moor and its grouse population can substantially increase its capital value, which is calculated by reference to the previous year's bag – up to £500 per bird shot.

Shooting grouse (a bird unique to the British Isles) remains popular, especially with Continental and American sportsmen. And it remains a sport for the rich – £20,000 was quoted last year in the magazine *Sporting Gun* for a week's shooting for eight guns, with accommodation and food included. But is the monoculture of heather, upon which the grouse depend, the best use for 3 million acres of Scottish land, when research has shown that modern forestry and agriculture could put much hill land to more productive use? And should decisions about Scotland's most valuable resource be left in the hands of a few hundred landowners, whose wealth and class separate them so completely from the local communities?

The basic policy of the Labour Party, spelt out in the 1976 programme, is 'for public ownership of all land and especially the abolition of the large-scale private ownership of land'. It is a particularly appropriate programme for Scotland, but, when in power, Labour governments have shown a marked reluctance to take any action. With the present Tory government, nothing can be expected. But the call from the National Union of Agricultural Workers and others for a proper system of land registration remains very relevant. If a register existed, at least the Scots would know who they were up against. □

JUSTICE

Unjustified powers

Geoffrey Bindman rejects the present proposals on detention

LAST WEEK'S *New Statesman* reported that a jury had awarded an Aberystwyth College lecturer £600 damages against the police for false imprisonment. He had been detained in a police station for an unreasonable length of time – more than 20 hours – before being released without charge. But the prospect of police detention ever again being found illegal is remote if the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill reaches the statute book in its present form. Detention without charge for four days – and even more according to some interpretations of the drafting – will then become lawful.

The tortuous language of the Bill conceals extensions of police power which aim to destroy the fundamental principle that a person who is arrested on suspicion of a crime must be promptly charged or released. Lord Justice Lawton said, in 1977, 'It must clearly be understood that neither customs officers, nor police officers, have any right to detain somebody for the purpose of getting them to help with their enquiries.'

In 1980 the present Master of the Rolls, Sir John Donaldson, heard an application for habeas corpus on behalf of two men who had already been held without charge at Kentish Town police station for 48 hours. The police said that they had evidence to justify a charge, but that they wanted to hold them longer in order to seek evidence for more serious charges. The police were sharply criticised and given one and a half hours to charge the men or to let them go.

The police are no doubt reluctant to prefer charges because questioning must then cease and the accused must be brought before a Magistrates Court or granted bail. Strong representations in favour of legalised detention for questioning were made by Sir David McNee and other senior policemen to the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure. They laid great stress on the difficulties imposed by the need to charge promptly after arrest. An *arrest* could be made on the basis of 'reasonable suspicion' but a *charge* required stronger evidence, amounting to a prima facie case. Many enquiries might therefore have to be made after arrest, including questioning the detainee, and this needed time. Sir David McNee suggested 72 hours, with no supervision whatsoever, and even that period to be capable of indefinite extension by a magistrate.

The Royal Commission was not prepared to go quite that far, but, regrettably, accepted that a substantial period of deten-

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tion between arrest and charge might be justifiable. They attempted to discourage 'unnecessary' detention by recommending a series of escalating safeguards. These have been substantially adopted in the Bill. After six hours and, thereafter, at nine-hourly intervals, the need for continued detention must be reviewed. After 24 hours, authority for continued detention must be obtained from a magistrate. This authority can, however, be sought in private, in the absence of the detainee. After a further 24 hours of detention, a hearing must be convened before a magistrate at which the detainee may be represented. (The Royal Commission recommended a full hearing with representation after the first 24 hours.) However, continued detention may be justified in each case, by showing reasonable grounds for believing that 'detention without charge is necessary to secure or preserve evidence of or relating to the offence for which he was arrested or to obtain such evidence by questioning him' (Clause 34 (1) (b) of the Bill).

Here, an express and unprecedented power to detain for questioning is introduced. The dangers of such a power are now extremely well known from experience in many parts of the world. The Royal Commission was aware of at least some of them: 'In psychological terms custody in itself and questioning in custody develop forces upon many suspects which . . . so affect their minds that their wills crumble.' The temptation for police officers to abuse their power over isolated and helpless people against whom they may have formed violently hostile prejudices is overwhelming. Possibly even more disturbing in the longer term is the power of frightened or tyrannical governments to rely on police detention to suppress dissent. The Chilean Junta has shown us the many advantages for such a régime of this technique. A few days of terror in a police station suffered by a small proportion of the population chosen representatively or even at random, coupled with general knowledge that the legal process offers no protection, allow a minority to keep a large population docile. The same technique can be used to subdue a neighbourhood or an ethnic minority. In another part of the Bill, one of the grounds for authorising the setting up of a road check is the likelihood of offences being committed 'having regard to a pattern of crime in that area'. This suggests that such sinister uses of the new powers may not have been entirely absent from the minds of their promoters.

The Bill provides for the issue of codes of practice (already released in draft) which lay down rules for questioning suspects in elaborate detail and the legal right of the suspect to remain silent is preserved (contrary to the wishes of Sir David McNee). But the Royal Commission's own research points out that 'to remain silent in a police interview room in the face of determined questioning by an officer with legitimate authority to carry on this activity requires an abnormal exercise of will'. Furthermore, all the new safeguards depend for their enforcement entirely on internal police discipline. It seems to have been forgotten that it was the total failure of internal police procedures to restrain abuse in the Confait case which led to the Commission being appointed in the first place. Both the Commission and the Government have rejected strong pleas for the safeguards to be backed by the only sanctions likely to have any real effect: inadmissibility in court of evidence which has been illegally obtained.

THE UNFORTUNATE DETAINEE may even be deprived of legal advice (and the advice of friends). The current Judges' Rule – that an arrested person must be allowed at any stage of an investigation to communicate and consult privately with a solicitor – is of little use because it is nullified by the qualification: 'provided . . . no unreasonable delay or hindrance is caused to the processes of investigation or the administration of justice by his doing so'. The Bill borrows this phraseology, for a person detained on suspicion of a 'serious arrestable offence', an expression which it is left to the police to define for themselves.

Is a power to detain for questioning really of value in a criminal investigation? The Prevention of Terrorism Act has shown that detention powers contribute very little to the exposure of crime – only a small proportion of people detained under the Act since 1974 have been prosecuted. Many complaints have been made that the detention powers under this Act have been used only for harassment. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether interrogation is generally a major factor in the solution of crime, though undoubtedly many police officers believe in it.

The need for questioning is partly justified by the higher standard of evidence required to charge than to arrest. If the evidence required to justify an arrest were raised to the same standard, as in Scotland, there would be no need for any interval at all between arrest and charge and this should be the position. If any short period is to be allowed, then it should not include any authorised period for questioning innocent people under compulsion.

There is, of course, no reason why genuinely voluntary assistance should not be given to the police in investigating crime and indeed this should be encouraged. The new powers can only do the opposite. They are bound to make the public more and more suspicious and alienated from the police and to increase the polarisation which is already widespread. At best, the new powers are counter-productive. At worst, they are a licence for oppression. □

THIS ENGLAND

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☐ The Oxford South Midlands Bus Company's new timetable gives the villagers of Finstock three minutes to do their shopping. The first bus into Charlesbury, three miles away, where most Finstock residents shop, arrives at 11.38 a.m. and the last one back to Finstock departs at 11.41 a.m. – *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

☐ Church spokesmen admit that generally congregations have to some extend dwindled, though it is claimed that the churches can still pull in more people on a good Sunday than League football can on a Saturday. – *Daily Express* (H. Woodward)

☐ Opponents said that the peace campers were trying to get on the electoral register for political reasons. – *Oxford Times* (R. Reiss)

Data Protection Seminar

The Government's Data Protection Bill has had its second reading in the House of Lords. Professionals and private citizens are becoming increasingly concerned with how this legislation will protect personal information held on police, education, housing, social services, health, and employee records. To promote the protection of civil liberties, to increase public awareness and to provide for public debate the Greater London Council, the National Council for Civil Liberties and the Polytechnic of Central London have organised this seminar, to be held:

WEDNESDAY, 9 FEBRUARY 1983 9.15 am – 5.00 pm
Conference Hall, County Hall, London SE1 7PB.

Chairperson: JOHN CARR, Chair of the GLC Staff Committee

Speakers: Patricia Hewitt, NCCL; Frances Morrell, ILEA; Paul Boateng, GLC Police Committee; Dr Waltraut Kotschy, Austrian Data Protection Commissioner; John Dawson, BMA; Paul Dolond, BASW.

ADMISSION TO THE SEMINAR IS FREE AND ALL LONDONERS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND. CRECHE FACILITIES AVAILABLE.

For tickets and further information, please contact: The Secretary, Data Protection Seminar, Room 431, County Hall, SE1 7PB, tel: 01-633 3348.

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116

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DIARY

Christopher Price

Wearing my *Select Committee on the Arts* 'cultural' hat this week, I found myself addressing 50-odd PR folk from Imperial Tobacco and the big banks, about how to sponsor the arts. I *thought* they were PR men, but I was wrong. 'Public relations! Good god, no. All reorganised now. Called marketing. Total marketing.' As I was being droned on at, it dawned on me that the Tory approach to marketing their monetarist ideology differs not a tittle from the tobacco and oil companies' efforts to give themselves a facelift by pasting a bland image of culture over the nasty warts of capitalism. You name it, they'll find a friend to market it. J. Walter Thompson to cosmeticise nuclear radiation, Saatchis to tidy up the Prime Minister's hair style. When the image occasionally cracks, there's always a Lord Lewin to wheel on to telly and put a little Polyfilla over the surface of the Falklands myth. I wonder whether Abraham Lincoln was right about not being able to fool all the people all the time.

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Of course what the companies are really into is 'sponsorship' – that age-old rich man's deal, which goes: 'I give you the money – you give me that nice, warm respectable aura'. It's a kind of marriage, and one to which the impoverished of the earth, like today's cricket teams and theatres, can hardly say 'no'. Indeed rambling through Marcia Williams' *mélange* of juicy titbits and execrable prose in the *Observer* over the weekend, I realised that until a decade ago, leaders of the Labour Party had to go through this humiliation of finding a rich 'partner'. There was the '1944 Association' of Wilfred Brown, Alan Sainsbury and some Channel Islands businessman which sponsored Attlee and Gaitskell; and then there were all those shadowy financiers who sponsored Harold Wilson and ended up as Lords or worse. Thank goodness Harold put an end to it all by giving state aid to opposition leaders (at that stage Mrs T.), which Michael Foot has now inherited; it's grown to nearly £300,000 a year. That *ought* to be enough to get some modest marketing of Labour's sparkling policies and personalities off the ground.

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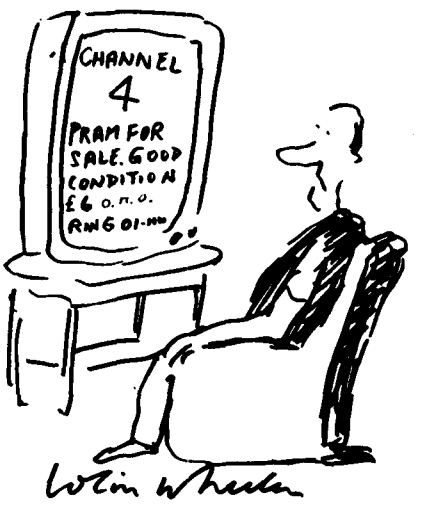
The trouble is that the Campaign isn't organised in any coherent way. When Callaghan became leader of the Opposition, he just pocketed the whole cheque – not of course for his own use – he just felt he could spend it best. Then, when Foot took over, there was a desultory attempt by the National Executive to get its sticky hands on the loot, but it didn't come off. That bunch of Chinese war lords – the Shadow Cabinet – took control, and now about a third goes to Michael for Tom McCaffrey, Dick Clements and his other *cabinet* bureaucrats, a third to the PLP proper to service the backbenchers, and a third to the war lords – Kaufman, Hattersley, Orme et al, who only get about £5,000 each and spend it on personal vassals. Although many cooperate well with each other and even with the party headquarters in Walworth Road, there's no Permanent Secretary to coordinate, no management structure, no Immediate Response Unit to be sent on regular sorties against the Tory marketing effort. I'm increasingly convinced that Labour at Westminster needs a proper Marketing Manager, not to stoop to the sort of professional fouls of Saatchi and Saatchi, but at least to try to make sure that everyone's rowing the boat in the same direction. Perhaps Bryan Davies, my erstwhile colleague for Enfield North, and now secretary of the PLP, should be given the job.

○

The Shadow Cabinet tries. It's difficult for us lowly PLP groundlings to find out just exactly what they're up to, since the minutes we receive of their meetings are couched in cryptograms. 'Particular emphasis was given to the necessity for the projection of Labour's front bench team in its role as alternative government.' Translated, I'm told this means that our worthy social security spokesman Bryn John had asked why he wasn't on telly more often. So I have a suggestion. Start screaming at the top of your voice, Bryn, about the Oxford social security raid last September. I know it's a bit late now, and it's been left to some worthy charitable bodies to try to undo some of the damage by relating the truth of the whole sordid story: the local press muzzled by the police from printing a 'landlords' racket' story; a new story marketed about a 'scroungers' racket'; lies carefully laundered into Fleet Street about savings of £½m. Actual cost to the taxpayer £120,000-£180,000 in wasted police and social security manpower, minus £60,000 savings on false claims. It was all a beautifully organised 'Sting' – but the real victim of the operation was not so much social security scrounging as the socialist message which states that the poverty to be found in Oxford doss-houses pollutes the society we live in.



○

We do, however, make a little progress. Reading the convoluted prose of Judges Kerr, Glidewell and Nolan who have just pronounced Ken Livingstone's new 'Fares Fair' scheme sweet, clean and legal, I detect a frightened judiciary. The *Bromley* case, says Judge Kerr, was 'widely misunderstood and indeed misrepresented.' Methinks the learned judge doth protest just a little too much. The *Bromley* case was deeply political and the reaction to it worried the judges. It must be a relief to them all that they can slip back into 'apoliticism', now the government have guillotined through the Commons their totalitarian legislation on public transport.

○

I've a deep affection for our four Sergeants at Arms, who sit at the back of the class in fancy dress, ready to restore order to our proceedings if the headmaster tells them to. But I'm less happy about the power we appear to have bestowed upon them over that brilliant form of 'ideas-marketing' – the lapel button. Wear a Poppy with Pride on Armistice Day, and you're all right; but try to get into the public galleries with a CND badge on, and you're liable to be censored. The purported reason: 'possible public feeling on account of measures in front of the House . . . ' I detect an ideological slip showing. Our Sergeant should stick to his silver buckled shoes and his harmless ceremonial sword.

ROGER WODDIS

Advertising jingo

The government is considering a £1 million advertising campaign, using public money, to combat the arguments for nuclear disarmament.

If your Sheraton sideboard
Has lost its bloom,
If you wrinkle your nose
In the smallest room,
Against all infection,
Stale odours and grease
NUKE gives full protection
And guarantees peace.

Whatever your battles
With dandruff or drains,
With appetite-loss
Or unsightly stains,
From keeping pets happy
To polishing chrome,
The all-purpose answer
Is NUKE in the home.

There's no other product,
Whichever you choose,
As wholesome as NUKE
(It's *delicious* in stews!)
Don't wish you were spotless
Or clean round the bend –
You know you can leave it
To NUKE in the end.

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FOREIGN NEWS: CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Crackdown in Prague

Jan Kavan reports on the new wave of harassment of dissidents

THE CZECHOSLOVAK government is clearly set on making 1983 a year of renewed repression. The arrest on 5 January of Ladislav Lis, Charter 77 spokesman, confirmed suspicions sparked off by the December 1982 trial of four members of the 'Revolutionary Action Group' (RAG) that the Czechoslovak government has decided to return to the 1979-81 methods of arresting its political opponents and sentencing them to harsh terms of imprisonment.

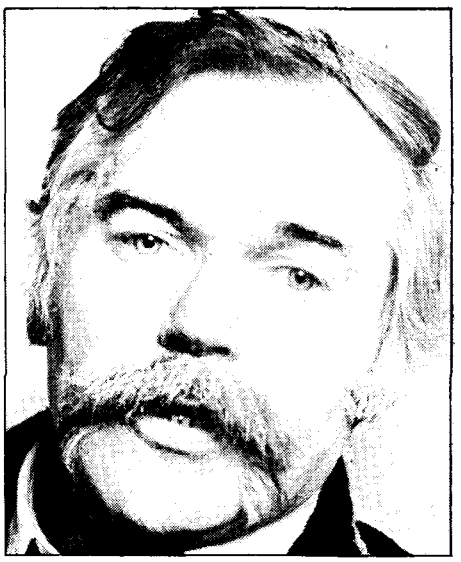
Following the imposition of martial law in Poland in December 1981, the government lost its fear of the spill-over of the 'Polish disease' into Czechoslovakia and felt it could afford to relax its grip on the dissidents. Furthermore, it needed to project a much more liberal image to ensure that President Husak's first state visit to Austria, last November, would go ahead. Too many political trials could have provoked Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky to cancel the trip, as he did in 1981. An expected major political trial of seven leading civil rights activists did not take place and the detainees were released. Czechoslovak Foreign Minister Bohuslav Chnoupek even promised, at a press conference in Vienna, that Rudolf Battek, Charter 77 spokesman and a leader of the Independent Socialists group (who is serving five and a half years imprisonment for sending letters to Kreisky and to the Socialist International), would be released if he asked for clemency. After the trade and other agreements had been signed in Vienna, however, there was no longer any need for pretence. Battek, who is very ill, remains in prison – despite the fact that his wife has asked for clemency on his behalf.

The trial of four young workers, originally scheduled for September 1982, then postponed indefinitely under the pretext of one of the judges falling ill, suddenly took place on 15-17 December. This is the first group in Eastern Europe sentenced mainly for its support of the Polish free trade union Solidarity and its condemnation of the imposition of martial law in Poland. Jan Wunsch, 25, unemployed; Vaclav Soukup, 23, a worker; Jitka Tumova, 21, unemployed; and Josef Wunsch, 20, a worker, were all accused of subversion of the Republic under Article 98 of the Penal Code, because they allegedly distributed books and periodicals 'hostile to the Czechoslovak social system', most of which were published by Solidarity, and because, on 15 December 1981, two days after the military takeover in Poland, they issued a leaflet in which they appealed to 'Workers, Students and Citizens of Czechoslovakia' to 'raise their voices in defence of Polish workers as an attack on them was a blow to workers everywhere, and workers in so-called "real" socialist countries especially'. In addition, Jan Wunsch was accused of stealing the duplicator on which the leaflet was reproduced.

THE HEARING WAS MARKED by contradictions and a notable lack of evidence. For example, there was no proof that Jan Wunsch had stolen the duplicator. Both he and Soukup testified that they had borrowed it from a friend called V. Sivak. Defence attorneys asked for Sivak and his friend Simacek to be questioned, but were informed by the judge that the first had been murdered by an unknown assassin in September 1982, and that there was no time to question the latter. The only witness who, during the pre-trial interrogation, stated that Soukup was hostile to socialism in Czechoslovakia and to martial law in Poland, withdrew the testimony which had been extorted. He is now in danger of being tried for perjury, as has happened in similar cases.

In an attempt to discredit Jan Wunsch, the court tried to portray him as a thief and to convict him of embezzlement. This has become an established response to criticism of 'political trials'. The accusation relied on the contradictory testimony of Lenka Cvrckova who, in exchange, was released from prison following her arrest in Poland in February 1981, when all charges against her were dropped. Jan Wunsch was sentenced to four years' imprisonment followed by two years of so-called 'protective surveillance' (restriction to place of residence and regular reports to the police). Vaclav Soukup received three years of jail, followed by two years of 'protective surveillance'. Jitka Tumova and Jan Wunsch's younger brother Josef were sentenced to 15 and 12 months of imprisonment respectively. Both the defendants and the prosecutor appealed against the verdict and are awaiting an appeal trial.

Last June, when RAG issued several statements about the forthcoming trial, the police tried to kill two birds with one stone by sending Charter 77 spokesman Ladislav Lis a blackmailing letter signed in the name of RAG. The letter demanded a large sum of money under threat of murdering his two small children. Lis has had a charge of 'subversion of the Republic' hanging over his head since 1979, when he spent seven months in prison with playwright Vaclav Havel. He was released in December 1979,



Palach Press

Charter 77 spokesman Lis

but the charge was never dropped and he has been constantly harassed since then in an attempt to force him to emigrate. This harassment increased after January 1982, when Lis became a Charter 77 spokesman. It soon became clear that he was mainly responsible for the increased activity, during 1982, of the embattled Czechoslovak human rights group.

ON 5 JANUARY 1983, the police raided Lis's farmhouse near Ceska Lipa, in Northern Bohemia, and confiscated documents. Among these were the debate between E. P. Thompson and Vaclav Racek that was published in the *New Statesman*; Lis's own draft of a Charter 77 letter to the Western peace movement; the draft of a letter sent to the Italian Communist Party on the situation in Poland and official Charter 77 documents. Some of the latter had been found the previous August in the flat of a couple who received them from Lis. On the strength of this, Lis was charged with incitement against the Republic, and detained. The timing of events confirms again that the Czechoslovak authorities had decided not to stage any trials, featuring well-known people, before Husak's November trip to Austria.

In line with the attempts to portray political activists as ordinary criminals, Lis is also accused of stealing two bags of corn (worth about £4) for his domestic animals. Now, too, the police may resurrect not only the subversion charge of 1979, but also a charge of theft of socialist property levelled against Lis in 1978, for allowing his sheep to graze on a state field. Then, Lis spent two months in prison and was released for lack of evidence, but the charge was never dropped. (Lis has been a thorn in the flesh of the secret police since 1968, when he was one of the main organisers of the clandestine 14th Communist Party Congress, held in a factory in occupied Prague.)

Three weeks ago, Charter 77 spokesmen sent an open letter to Czechoslovak Minister of the Interior, Jaromir Obzina, demanding Lis's release. They pointed out that a charge of incitement required evidence of 'hostility toward the socialist social system' and that

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Lis's critical comments on the social, political and ecological situation in Czechoslovakia could not be construed in this way. The Charter leaders also drew attention to the preamble to the relevant Articles of the Czechoslovak Penal Code, which stresses the importance of 'the internal and international situation at the time of the crime'. In the light of this, they expressed their surprise that Lis was arrested the week that Warsaw Pact leaders met in Prague and reiterated their support for the Helsinki Agreement, including its section on civil and human rights.

Postscript: Eight days ago, Lis's wife claimed that Lis had disappeared and that even the Prosecutor who ordered his detention does not know of his whereabouts. Letters and parcels are returned by the prison (where Lis is unknown) and neither Mrs Lis nor Lis's lawyer can find out where he is. □

SA lending

BANKERS WHO LEND to South Africa are notoriously secretive for fear of attracting unwelcome political attention. News of these deals rarely filters out of the City. Now, however, a United Nations study prepared for the Special Committee Against Apartheid has exposed many of the banks which have been supporting the South African economy during the gold slump.

The basis of the UN study is a computer print-out listing details of 57 foreign loans which provided $2,756 million to South Africa between January 1979 and July 1982. This shows that British banks participated in $1,069 million of these loans, putting the UK top of the international lenders' league.

Since the period covered by the UN report, the money has continued to flow. On 2 December, for example, the government-owned South African Transport Services raised a five-year DM 100 million bond issue. British banks involved included Hill Samuel, Kleinwort Benson, European Banking Company (in which Midland has a 14 per cent stake) and Hambros.

Martin Bailey

British Bank loans to South Africa:

Value of total loans which they helped to provide

Barclays	$347m
Hill Samuel	334
National Westminster	303
Kleinwort, Benson, Lonsdale	230
N. M. Rothschild	230
Schroders	225
Standard Chartered	197
Midland	187
Lazard	182
Hambros	182
Lloyds	168
Cazenove	165
S. G. Warburg	111
Rea	60
Rowe & Pitman	60
Singer & Friedlander	60
Strauss Turnbull	43

Each Eurocurrency loan may involve up to 100 banks, and the UN print-out does not specify how much of the capital is provided by the separate banks. One cannot therefore say that Barclays made loans of $347 million – only that it was involved (to an unknown extent) in loans of this amount.

SPAIN

Doctors' dilemma

David Gollob on the legalisation of abortion

Madrid

PLANS TO LEGALISE abortion in Spain, announced last week by Socialist Justice Minister Fernando Ledesma, have angered pressure groups on both sides of the issue, sparking off a row among doctors which could lead to medical chaos this spring.

Owners of London's thriving abortion clinics will nevertheless be relieved to learn that their multi-million pound business is unlikely to be affected by the legislation, which allows for abortion only where the mother's life or health is gravely in peril, when there is certainty that the child will be born with physical or mental defects, or where pregnancy resulted from rape. An estimated 20,000 Spanish women travel to the UK each year for the operation, usually on package trips arranged by specialist agencies. The fee of £75 includes the charter air fare.

Women's groups are rather more concerned about the estimated 300,000 butcher-shop abortions performed clandestinely every year on women too poor to fly to London or Amsterdam. More than 3,000 such women die as a result of the operation, it is claimed, often for fear of trouble if they call a doctor.

'The legislation is insufficient,' claims Carmen Roney, spokesperson on women's issues for the Communist Party, to whom two or three women turn daily for advice on the subject. Ms Roney confesses that merely by giving such advice she is liable to prosecution.

While feminists and radical leftists press for free abortion, Spain's medical authorities have made it clear that their rejection of abortion is unconditional and unnegotiable. The College of Doctors, which sets standards of practice and is empowered to licence or suspend doctors, has declared that the practice of abortion contravenes its code of medical ethics.

Theoretically, a doctor who practiced an abortion could be sanctioned with suspension. This would happen in the case of euthanasia, explains Dr Jose Luis Pinal, president of the National Commission of Medical Ethics, who regards abortion as a far more serious crime. However, rather than take direct action, College officials seem to feel that the moral opposition of the 'overwhelming majority of doctors' will effectively block any attempts to perform abortions in Spanish hospitals.

The abortion row adds another drop to the brimming cup of medical discontent in Spain. Spain's underpaid doctors have been hardest hit by the Socialists' so-called Incompatibility Law, which prohibits the holding of more than one public post simultaneously. Traditionally, Spanish doctors have been in the habit of having two or three jobs in as many clinics and hospitals, receiving two or three salary cheques monthly. While the left has alleged job-hogging, absenteeism and inefficiency as features of this system, doctors, maintaining that they cannot make a decent living otherwise, have threatened strike action this spring.

In direct opposition to women's groups' claims that the legalisation will only enable a handful of women to terminate their pregnancies legally, militant anti-abortionists (the church at the helm) are predicting that the law will open the floodgates to the indiscriminate slaughter of thousands of 'innocents'. Cardinal Enrique y Tarancon, who recently begged President Gonzalez to avoid a head-on clash with the church, reiterated John Paul II's condemnation of abortion in an angry pastoral letter, as priests known for their radical views on other fronts rallied behind Vatican doctrine. The revised code of canonical law recently published in Rome clears any doubts that a Catholic might have by naming abortion as one of the six 'crimes' carrying the penalty of automatic excommunication.

Yet the row could have been far worse. Once more, the Socialist government of Felipe Gonzalez has shown its faith in erring on the side of moderation as it leads this country towards the changes massively supported in the autumn elections. Few Spaniards at man-in-the-street level contest the legitimacy of abortion in the cases specified by the reform. By 1986, if and when the Socialists win another term, public opinion may be ready to accept the more liberal legislation that the party had included in its 1979 manifesto, tactfully removed in 1982.□

EGYPT

Gift horses

Amanda Mitchison on US AID

Cairo

BEFORE HE LEFT on the trip which brought him to Britain this week, Egypt's pro-Western president Hosni Mubarak told Arab journalists that he hoped, in Washington, to persuade the Americans to let Egyptians control the annual $1.5bn that they receive in US aid. Since Camp David, Egypt has become the world's largest recipient of non-military US aid, paid from Congress's Economic Support Fund to 'high priority nations whose stability is vital to US interests'. Mubarak's willingness to look this

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gift horse in the mouth reflects press concern here that the aid programme has enabled the Americans to 'penetrate every aspect of Egyptian life'.

Aid to Egypt is run by a 125-strong office. (In contrast, Israel, the second biggest aid recipient, gets its quarterly cheque paid direct.) The Agency for International Development (AID) programme is administered from a new and gleaming white building in Cairo and forms part of a mushrooming American presence. A little less than ten years ago, the Americans had no formal diplomatic mission; their 500-strong embassy is now the largest in the Third World and has been compared to their over-extended embassy in pre-revolutionary Iran. Such comparisons are unwelcome at a time when nearly 300 members of the 'Al-Jihad' Muslim fundamentalist organisation stand trial for attempting to overthrow the state. Other, non-fundamentalist Egyptians remember their country's long history of foreign domination and are sceptical of the programme director's claim that 'the AID programme in Egypt is an Egyptian programme'.

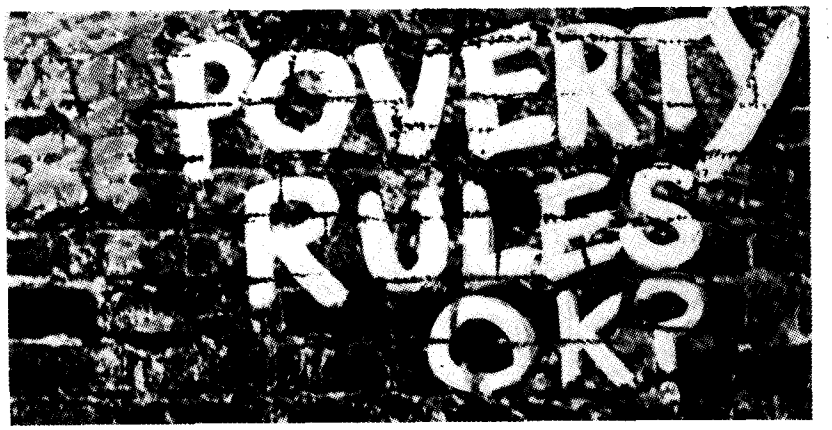
Critics say that financing imports subsidises American, not Egyptian production, and that the capital projects reflect American rather than Egyptian priorities. AID certainly provides considerable benefits for US exporters. Over $2.5 million has been spent on the Commodity Import Programme which provides concessionary financing to enable Egypt to import US products. Since 1975, the Food for Peace programme has lent Egypt nearly $2 billion, spent mainly on American wheat. As a former AID director pointed out, the Egyptian government runs a system which pays Mid-west farmers for wheat which could be grown at half the price in Egypt.

AID regulations stipulate that American shipping companies and equipment must be used in programmes. More than 10 per cent of aid money is spent on shipping and more than 40 per cent on equipment and on consultancy services, also largely American.

More subtly irritating, according to Said Yassin, a political commentator on the semi-official *Al Ahram*, is the way programmes appear to reflect American priorities. He says that the apparently laudable scheme to educate rural women stems from an imported value system. He also cites AID's emphasis on the private sector. AID's Helwan Community Project to encourage private house building and home ownership among lower middle-class Egyptians in a Cairo suburb has been delayed for three years, partly, its director told me, because of personality conflicts. AID's use of foreign expertise often fosters resentment among Egyptians, whose universities and institutions export talent throughout the Middle East and beyond. An American consultant costs AID $100,000 a year – ten times the salary of his Egyptian counterpart.

Resentment felt by Egyptian researchers working on American projects found expression recently in a series of articles by Egyptian academics in the respected weekly *Al Ahram al Iktisadi*. AID was accused of forming a shadow government and infiltrating Egyptian society. Dr Saad ad Din Ibrahim claims that some of the data being collected even constitutes a danger to Egyptian national security. The US is, of course, an ally and the country's arms supplier, although President Mubarak has been pointing out the limits to the relationship. Last week he told the *Christian Science Monitor* that there will never again be foreign military bases in Egypt and that Sadat's offer of a 'facility' on the Red Sea will only become operative at the request of a threatened Islamic power. Last year's Bright Star joint-US military exercise in the Western Desert has been replaced by a downgraded substitute.

One of Sadat's most popular and least predicted moves was to expel the Russian military advisers ten years ago. No one suggests that this will happen to the Americans now. Rejecting aid would mean rejecting the American sponsored foreign policy of a separate peace with Israel, which came in the same package. Mubarak has been telling Reagan that the US must deliver an autonomous Palestinian West Bank as envisaged at Camp David. He has also been asking that the sweetener for that accommodation, US AID, should leave a better taste in Egyptian mouths. □



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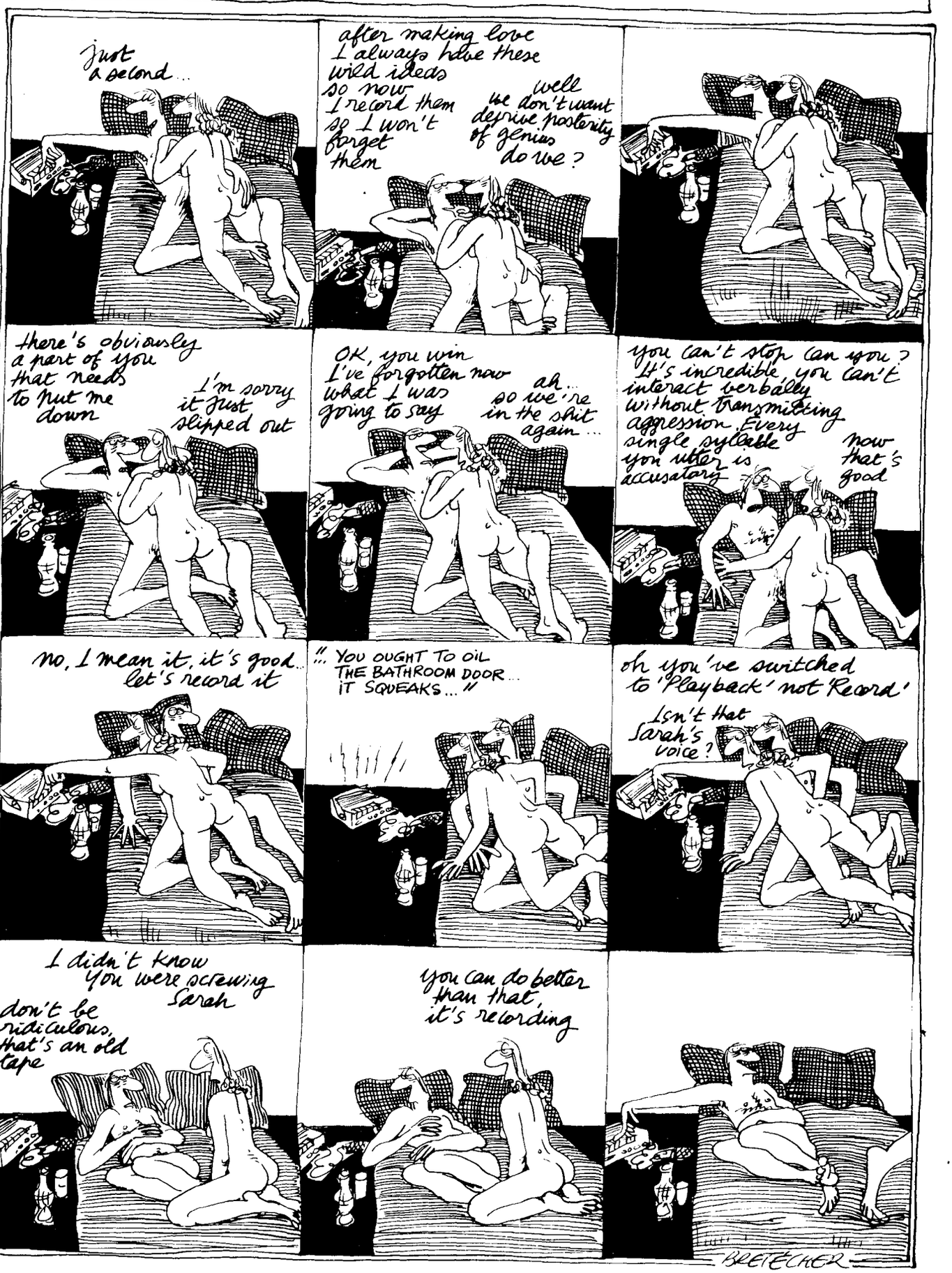
BRETECHER

ALL IN THE MIND


Just a second...
after making love I always have these wild ideas so now I record them so I won't forget them
well we don't want deprive posterity of genius do we?
there's obviously a part of you that needs to put me down
I'm sorry it just slipped out
OK, you win I've forgotten now what I was going to say
ah... so we're in the shit again...
you can't stop can you? It's incredible, you can't interact verbally without transmitting aggression. Every single syllable you utter is accusatory
now that's good
no, I mean it, it's good... let's record it
"... YOU OUGHT TO OIL THE BATHROOM DOOR... IT SQUEAKS..."
oh you've switched to 'Playback' not 'Record'
Isn't that Sarah's voice?
I didn't know you were screwing Sarah
don't be ridiculous, that's an old tape
you can do better than that, it's recording
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

END's open letter

John Field, Northern College, Barnsley, S. Yorks.

Three people wrote last week to complain about Meg Beresford's letter to Yuri Zhukov, chairperson of the official Soviet Peace Committee. One of them felt no reply was needed. The other two demonstrated just how necessary it was that European Nuclear Disarmament stated its aims clearly and calmly.

Like Ron Huzzard, I was a founder-signatory of the END Appeal three years ago. But one reason for signing it was my belief that it represented an attempt to build a non-aligned peace movement, independent of – and, where necessary, critical of – both major military alliances. If END were to admit Mr Zhukov's committee to its proceedings as a full and equal participant, then it would no longer represent that non-aligned aim. It would ally END with those peace campaigners who criticise primarily (often solely) American nuclear weapons.

Since END is to be non-aligned, we have every right to discuss the question of human rights in the Warsaw Pact states. Ron Huzzard must be barmy if he thinks 'the consensus of the British peace movement' finds the harassment and imprisonment of independent peace groups acceptable, be it in Hungary, the USSR or the DDR, or in Turkey. He must also be very ill-informed if he thinks the Soviet Peace Committee does not mention the link between arms spending and mass unemployment in western nations – it does, and I for one am perfectly happy that it should continue to do so.

If the Soviet Peace Committee is 'offended' (the words belong to one of your correspondents) by END's behaviour, then hard luck. If Zhukov only wants to work with people who agree with him, that's his problem. There aren't many of them in the British peace movement.

Tony Smythe, Chairman, National Peace Council, London WC1

Ron Huzzard claims a consensus in the British peace movement against open debate with the Soviet Peace Committee and for private horse-trading 'at a meeting in Moscow next weekend' (Winston Churchill would be pleased). He implies that the 'consensus' would segregate peace and freedom leaving inconvenient human rights issues to good old Amnesty.

There is no such consensus. Most peace workers will applaud the END reply to Zhukov's letter and would support all reasonable pressure on the Soviet Peace Committee to join in persuading their government to stop harassing war resisters and independent peace of human rights group to whom we also want to talk – in Berlin? Why not?

Peter Cadogan, East West Peace People, London NW3

Excellent as was the END reply to Yuri Zhukov (I write as an END supporter and delegate to the very successful END Convention in Brussels last year) it did evade one key issue and entirely ignored another; and both relate very closely to the conditions under which any Soviet-type Peace Committee might be invited to the forthcoming Berlin Convention.

Is it not just a little bit out-of-date to go back to the original appeal, as the basis for participation, without relating it to actual present circumstances? Three years is a long time in peacemaking.

May I suggest an up-dated starting point viz., that the official peace committees will be welcome in Berlin provided that the Moscow trustbuilders' group and comparable independent groups in Hungary, the GDR and elsewhere have the same invitation *and every facility for taking advantage of it.* Does not the original END appeal even mandate such a position when it declares: 'we must defend and extend the right of all citizens, East and West, to take part in this joint movement and to participate in every form of discussion.'

If this condition cannot be met in full then it is only right and proper that the official peace committees shall continue to be excluded as they were at Brussels. Furthermore if this is not the rule then there is an appalling danger that the Berlin Convention will be turned into one of those dead, meaningless, set-speech shambles with which we have been familiar ever since the World Peace Council was founded over 30 years ago.

The other matter concerns the unhappy truth that the END reply never mentions the word 'Afghanistan' once. This will not do. If we are not against disgraceful aggressive wars we are not for peace and it is high time that we stopped hiding behind the Bomb. As Noam Chomsky has been saying for some time now, if we in the peace movement continue with this absurd preoccupation, we shall go on making pronouncements about our virtue while the real world is destroyed round our feet. Peace, self-determination, human rights and responsibilities are all of a kind. Peace, without relation to its qualities, is meaningless. But where is the movement against the war in Afghanistan in Britain and where does END stand? The whole future of an authentic peace movement seems to me to turn on this acid test.

Sentencing rapists

Nick Rogers, London N5

I was perplexed that Jill Box-Grainger, in her comments on sentencing rapists (*NS* 31 Dec.), never discussed the wisdom of the various sentences available. She seemed to assume throughout that imprisonment is the best response to rape, without pondering why rape occurs or whether rapists have been cured by imprisonment. From what I have read, unless rapists receive long periods of intensive psychotherapy during their stay in jail, which is rarely the case, they will come out no different to when they went in, because the warped attitudes and feelings that led to rape will not have been altered.

Your writer also says nothing about the way men as a whole are brought up by their schools and families, and whether the negative attitudes to women that they often learn might be the basic cause of the continuing tide of violence against women. If so, then changing the sentencing policies for actual offenders will do little to stop the general likelihood of sexual attacks, and arguments about sentencing are largely a red herring. I would very much like to know what teachers and parents have to say on this issue.

Jill Box-Grainger, c/o RAP, London E7

I wish to make it clear that in my article 'Rapists under review' (*NS* 31 Dec. 1982) the last sentence of paragraph 2 – 'The incidence of cautioning, of course, conceals the total number of men admitting to rape offences' – was not mine, but rather an insertion.

The unusually high rate of cautioning for males aged between 17 and 21 years admitting to sexual offences is not explained by the 1981 Criminal Statistics (HMSO) from which the rate was drawn. There is no evidence as to whether or not such cautions could be or were for admitted offences of rape; in fact it has recently been suggested to me that a number of these cautions may be for homosexual offences.

However, the reticence on the part of the Criminal Statistics 1981 to reveal the reason(s) for the discrepancy in the use of cautions will necessarily give rise to some questions and guesswork to no individual's fault.

Irish questions

Tom Paulin, English Dept, University of Nottingham

In his reply to my letter asking him to clarify a hostile reference to John Hume (Letters 28 Jan), Bernard Crick states that the SDLP 'may not have been right' in abstaining from the Northern Ireland Assembly. Crick's use of that hesitant little verb 'may' is expansively cagey and self-protective, and his statement that abstention 'gave an opening for the Sinn Fein' is absurd. The SDLP vote held firm in the Assembly elections, while Sinn Fein mobilised many young unemployed voters and a large number of 'abstentionist' voters – ie those reluctant citizens of Northern Ireland who had hitherto held to traditional Republican doctrine and refused to participate in elections.

Crick seems unable to comprehend how attitudes within the Northern Irish opposition to Unionism have clarified and hardened over the last few years. He has yet to realise that the class politics which are necessary to the pursuit of social justice throughout Ireland can only follow the settlement of the national question.

Crick ought also to inspect Loyalism with more care. An influential section of the 'loyalist' working class now holds to a non-sectarian socialist concept of an Independent Ulster, while the Unionist middle-class is more demoralised than ever. Unionists are convinced that Britain is looking for an excuse to 'betray' them and many Unionists accept this with varying degrees of irony and resignation. Crick's amiable ignorance is dismaying – especially as he is apparently writing a book about Northern Ireland.

Alliance go home

Pat Thane, London NW5

Why does Christopher Price describe Camden Town as 'Alliance territory' (*NS* 28 Jan.)? The SDP and Liberals performed deservedly miserably in Camden in the May '82 local elections.

Anti-CND

In last week's issue we listed Roy Hattersley as an active supporter of the Labour and Trade Union Press Service. In fact he resigned from being one of its vice-chairmen two years ago, when it became clear that it was dominated by active social democrats. We apologise for not making this point.

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Paul Binding

Ideas of order

In 'My War', the last and the most compelling of the collected pieces offered here, Paul Fussell writes:

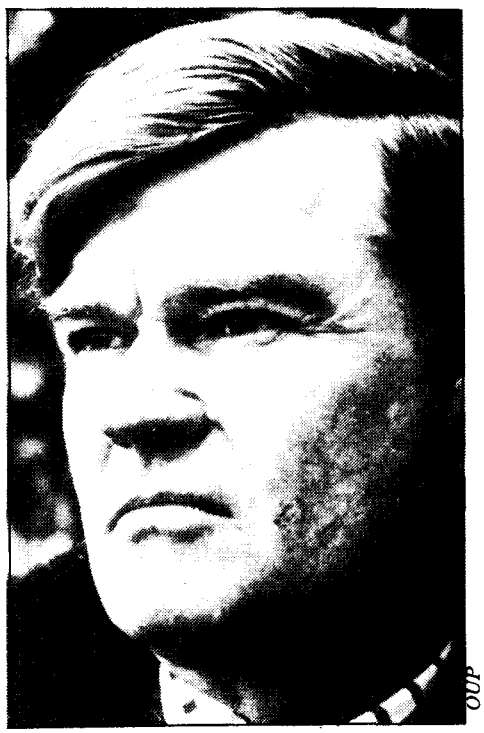
> . . . The careful reader will have discerned in all the essays in this book a speaker who is really a pissed-off infantryman, disguised as a literary and cultural commentator.

This sentence is a not uncharacteristic one – note the studiedly casual use of the machismo-tainted vernacular – and the author obviously does not wholly mean what he says. (Certainly elsewhere he would appear, with some justification, to take himself very seriously as a cultural analyst.) Nevertheless, we do learn here, surely, an important truth about Fussell. The cruelty and irrationality of large-scale war have haunted him ever since his experience of it, and out of this legacy came *The Great War and Modern Memory* (1975), one of the liveliest and most seminal works of historico-literary criticism of recent years. His own Second World War service gave him his first taste of a past-conscious, tradition-rooted culture and of the soul-expanding nature of travel. Fussell has become a tireless apologist for both these ever since – especially in *Abroad* (1980).

In France he was thrown, as an ingenuous 20-year-old, into combat and bemused responsibility. He coped with these partly by developing a sense of irony, which, when the War had ended, led him to find in Pope and Swift and Johnson his tutelary spirits. Fussell detested the stupidities and insensitivities of army organisation, but has been left with persistent unease when confronted with the absence of a 'clear hierarchy', with a pervasive rank-consciousness and with 'a habit of exact personnel classification':

> For me everyone still has an invisible 'spec-number' indicating what his job is or what he's supposed to be doing. Thus a certain impatience with people of ambiguous identity, or worse, people who don't seem to do anything, like self-proclaimed novelists and poets who generate no apprehensible product. These seem to me the T-5s of the postwar world, mere Technicians Fifth Grade, parasites, drones, non-combatants.

However explicable in terms of military servitude at a young age, this confession is a strange one for a Professor of Literature, that anarchic pursuit. What is literature concerned with if not with the ambiguities of identity? What regard is it of the complex process of artistic creation that can find expression in a terrible phrase like 'apprehensible product'? Doubtless Paul Fussell intended this passage as a piece of irony at his own expense, but the reader may well feel



The Boy Scout Handbook and Other Observations
PAUL FUSSELL *Oxford* £9.95

that it can be taken literally.

Paul Fussell is in love with an Augustan notion of order, or of the imposition of order on the inchoate and the disorganised. At the same time he has a very developed appreciation of the stubbornly individual, the man who proudly goes his own way. It was perhaps inevitable that British culture should have become that which has fascinated him the most – the Britain of venerable institutions which perform the seemingly anti-institutional service of encouraging their members' independence of spirit, of a *noblesse oblige* which can be found in the highest in the land and also among the 'proles' (a despicable and meaningless word of which Paul Fussell is fond). In *Abroad* – again in a vein of moderated irony – Fussell talks about the 'anti-tourists' of today, those who react against conventional sightseeing and remember the experience that came the way of True Travellers, now, apparently, an extinct species:

> In London one avoids Westminster Abbey and heads instead for the Earl of Burlington's eighteenth-century villa at Chiswick.

The sentence is a give-away one, because sensible 'anti-tourists' should see neither place but concern themselves with the texture (ever changing) of life in a complex and untidy city. Paul Fussell remains dedicated, however, to the Chiswick villas of British culture, so to speak.

One section of *The Boy Scout Handbook* is entitled 'Britons, Largely Eccentric'. Eccentricity is not only accepted by Fussell but approved of, presumably because it manifests the self-confidence and assertion he believes in and which require a hierarchy in order to be displayed to any advantage. The Britons in question include the lunatic pervert Corvo and the inevitable Evelyn Waugh. From these indeed, Fussell says, Americans could learn much. They can't produce eccentrics of the Corvo kind, and as for Waugh, he is 'too clever, as well as too "hard" for us'. I think Fussell's brand of disguised romanticism is making him do his fellow-countrymen a gross injustice here. Whatever the faults of American society I can't see how Waugh could be, in any proper sense, an 'antidote' for it. 'His handicap was an excessive sense of honor.' It wasn't, of course. It was a complete inability to enter a living and compassionate relationship with the heterogeneous society in which perforce he had to live. Fussell doesn't see this because he denies British heterogeneousness. Eccentrics can be fitted into a hierarchy – at an off but visible angle to it. The person who feels pulled in many different directions does not. The widespread uncertainties of post-First World War Britain and, even more, of post-Second World War Britain, should be commanding the analytical gifts of such as Paul Fussell, but largely he disdains them. After all most of the eccentrics and mandarins he is concerned with have themselves viewed with disdain signs of disruption within their country. Speaking of the elderly Haggard Fussell says:

> Now he noted with upper-middle-class dismay the onset of what Kingsley Amis calls the modern 'unchangeable crappiness'; the deterioration of the postal and telephone service, the decline of craftsmanship and the attendant rise of advertising and publicity, the vogue of strikes and slowdowns and quitting work early.

What a telltale word 'vogue' is, in relation to demonstrations of discontent. Maybe Fussell is being ironical again; it's often hard to know. But then, when he has waxed angry (in *Abroad*) against all the touts and pimps and botherers encountered in such countries as the Philippines and when one reads (in the present book) that his 'Terrors' of travelling include 'That servants will be

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insulting' and 'That one's bribe will be disdained', one again has the uneasy feeling that Fussell is voicing here his true thoughts.

What Fussell reveals in both *Abroad* and *The Boy Scout Handbook* is an extraordinary deficiency of social concern. In *Abroad* he dismissed as 'wet' A. J. P. Taylor's puzzlement that writers could leave a Britain in which 'more welfare for the mass of people was packed into a few years than into the whole of previous history'. What is happening in the under-developed countries True Travellers could visit, what forces animate the social groups in his own America, what hatreds English institutions have begotten – these simply do not interest Fussell. It is easy to have a sophisticated laugh about earnest librarians removing racist words from American classics, far less easy to ponder on what subliminal damage these words may in fact do to young members of a society in flux. It is very charming to put down as one of the 'Delights' of Travel the amazing 'Finding that the policemen in London liked to be addressed as Constable'. But it would be better if Fussell, as the dedicated Britainist he makes himself out to be, could divest the policeman of his picturesque title and forget about his own pride in his ability to have so quaint an experience, if he could, in fact, see the London policeman as an organic member of our society. Perhaps Paul Fussell really is more tourist than 'anti-tourist' or 'traveller'.

BY FAR the most interesting section of this book concerns aspects of the Second World War, to be the subject, it appears, of a new, full-length book. The majority of the essays here are book reviews, but that does not prevent memorable evocations of the squalor, the futility and the barbarism that all warfare must entail. 'The War in Black and White' is a review of book of photographs of scenes from the last war (by Rosenthal, Capa etc); Fussell's sharp eyes are directed to poignant or horrifying details in these pictures; he then describes and discourses on them, adding thereby to one's own mental stock of images of war. 'My War' is on the whole an admirably honest account of himself and his conflicting reactions to the situations he found himself in, after conscription. The snobberies and callousnesses of which he convicts his earlier self are venial indeed, and seem oddly moving when read as the statements of a youth doing his best to maintain sanity and identity in a hell of ugliness and suffering. Even more moving is Fussell's account of his injury and hospitalisation:

> When I got to the evacuation hospital thirty miles behind the lines and was coming out from the anaesthetic of my first operation, all my affectation of control collapsed, and I did what I'd wanted to do for months. I cried, noisily and publicly, and for hours.

Let us hope that in his next book Fussell will drop the 'affectation of control' that mars too much of his recent writings, and give us instead noisy tears, together with the kind of brilliant exegesis of what causes them to be shed that distinguished *The Great War and Modern Memory*. □

MEMOIRS
Patricia Craig

Earnest gossip

Difficult Women
DAVID PLANTE *Gollancz* £7.95

Notorious awkwardness can be an asset, or at least a draw for those who like exposing themselves to social danger. David Plante, who tends to make friends of women who cannot be relied on to behave agreeably or predictably, now brings out a memoir of three: Jean Rhys, Sonia Orwell and Germaine Greer. If Plante's novels have earned their author a reputation for delicacy, his first work of non-fiction should gain him one for comparative frankness. He reveals as much about himself as he does about his subjects, and he doesn't defend himself against the discouraging assessments of his character they sometimes give vent to.

Sonia Orwell, widow of George, picks on David Plante at dinner parties, subjects him to a tirade on the theme of his innate frivolity and shallowness. When they meet for lunch, she goes on and on about an unsteady shelf in her bathroom. His efforts to redirect the conversation meet with no success. 'I wonder if I feel more isolated here in Europe than in America', he ventures. (It's to his credit, I suppose, that he records this banal overture without apology.) Sonia Orwell sticks to the bathroom shelf.

Against the advice of friends, he invites this formidable widow to visit his house in Italy; her first action on arriving here is to tackle the kitchen floor with a rag on the end of a broom, while expressing strong views about filth. Restlessness, anger and chronic discontent make Sonia Orwell an exhausting companion, though a mitigating generosity and self-knowledge make her friendship valuable. Germaine Greer is another who sometimes gives way to ill-temper without due cause. She is bossy, flamboyant, opinionated and emphatic. She takes the ineffectual under her wing and then berates them for their lack of gumption. For herself, she cannot acknowledge incapacity in any area.

Having driven to Italy with one difficult woman – Sonia Orwell – Plante allows himself to be driven back to London by another: Germaine Greer. A highlight of the journey occurs when a pot of piss, produced by a baby in the car, is flung incautiously out of a window and returns to spray the faces of the passengers. This is a cheering incident. Some years later, when they are both attached to the University of Tulsa, Plante takes another trip with Germaine Greer and finds her undiminished in loudness and abrasiveness. As far as he is concerned these qualities are admirable and even enchanting, but the character he presents is often very much like the conservative person's nightmare idea of a feminist – someone who assesses men in terms of what she calls their bit of gristle, speaks knowledgeably at the dinner table about contraception, abortion and female circumcision, and goes about knickerless like a naughty four-year-old. No matter: her energy and erudition make up for a lot.

Sonia Orwell, in a moment of tetchiness, flings at David Plante the accusation that his only topic of conversation is Germaine Greer; certainly you get the feeling from this book that he is liable to discuss friends endlessly, in a thoughtful way, with other friends. It reads like a piece of high-grade gossip, with malice and mockery cut out and conscientiousness added intermittently. It isn't humorous in tone though it sometimes is in content. The author occasionally gets into absurd situations, finding himself obliged at one point to extract Jean Rhys from the lavatory-bowl into which she has sunk (*would* the helpless eighty-year-old really have wanted this distressing incident recorded, you might wonder). All three of these women are heavy drinkers and Jean Rhys is subject to drunken vagueness and despondency, ranting against lies and succumbing quickly to inexplicit outrage. One of Plante's achievements in his memoir is to make us aware of some quality in this writer which transcends all the defects and disadvantages she is lumbered with.

Are these portraits fair? Neither of the two older women can quarrel with Plante's observations, being dead; only Germaine Greer is still around to dispute the accuracy of the section devoted to her, and she, I believe, has undertaken not to. □

Tom Paulin

Last statement

(after Mayakovsky)

It's after one,
you're in the sack, I guess.
The stars are echoed
in the Volga's darkness
and I'm not fussed
or urgent anymore.
I won't be wiring you
my slogans and my kisses
in daft capitals:
we bit green chillies
and we're through.
We were like lovers
leaning from a ferry
on the White Canal –
our arguments, statistics,
our fucks and cries
notched on the calculus.
Ah, the night has jammed
each signal from the stars,
and this, this is my last
stittering, grief-splintered
call-sign to the future.
Christ, I want to wow
both history and technology . . .
I could tell it to the world right now.

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The Church and the Bomb: Nuclear Weapons and Christian Conscience

Hodder/CIO Publishing £4.50

As an embarrassment to the government, this report has an immediate political significance. The authors (the Bishop of Salisbury and other members of a working party of the C. of E. Board for Social Responsibility), who question NATO's basic European doctrine of flexible response and dismiss the Zero Option as 'never diplomatically negotiable', conclude by outlining a British disarmament strategy almost identical with that advocated by the Opposition. Have the Trots, in Tony Benn's ironic phrase, taken over the Church of England, and must we now learn to refer to that venerable body as 'the Labour Party at prayer'?

The book's lasting value lies, however, not in its Westminster implications but in its commitment to a moral vocabulary. While they engage in debate with political and strategic 'realism', the authors constantly subject its terms to a more truly realistic ethical scrutiny. Although their framework is at times specifically Christian, they draw in general on the wider humanist tradition, and in particular on the long-established conception of the Just War. Emphasising the impossibility of respecting non-combatant immunity if nuclear weapons are used, they declare their use unjustifiable. They also set out, clearly and with subtlety, the grounds for their more significantly controversial view that the conditional threat to use nuclear weapons – which is, of course, the cornerstone of deterrence – is itself morally unacceptable.

It remains to be seen what influence this thoughtful and well-informed report will have among Anglicans, and in particular among those of generally conservative political views. Is it too much to hope that just one Christian Tory MP will undergo a public change of heart?

M.H. Ryle

Mikhail Bakunin

AILEEN KELLY *Oxford* £17.50

This 'Study in the Psychology and Politics of Utopianism' is bound to be compared with Arthur Mendel's recent biography of Bakunin, which was reviewed here a few months ago (30 April 1982), although it is a lot shorter and a bit cheaper, and it is more carefully considered and more elegantly written. Aileen Kelly, a lecturer in Slavonic Studies at Cambridge University, has written not a fashionable Freudian psycho-biography but a traditional liberal analysis of the intellectual as revolutionary, but her approach and conclusion are much the same, and once more Bakunin's extreme and inconsistent doctrines are seen as an abstract projection of his psychological processes.

The main problem is that her sources are familiar and her comments are unoriginal. Despite the publisher's claim that 'this book presents a new interpretation of the contradictions in Bakunin's political philosophy and their general significance', it actually offers nothing which can't already be found in the previous hostile books by Mendel, by Eugene Pyziur, and above all by E.H. Carr, whose 46-year-old biography Kelly calls 'brilliant' but is much overrated and quite outdated. Once more Bakunin's mature social and political ideas and actions are derived from his early personal and intellectual development and are treated as the symptoms of neurosis and the fantasies of a bohemian intellectual.

The main trouble is that virtually all the authors of such books on Bakunin (and such figures) are not only intellectuals themselves but nowadays academics as well, with no real knowledge or direct experience of political – let alone revolutionary – life. It is fairly easy to sit at a comfortable desk and write a clever book ridiculing and patronising someone like Bakunin, but it is far more difficult to grasp the sequence and significance of the ideas and events in his crowded career. Kelly does no better than her predecessors in understanding how this complex man moved from study to barricade to prison, or from idealism to nationalism to anarchism, and above all she fails to convey why more than a century after his death he is still worth reading – and even worth writing books about.

Nicolas Walter

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Dream Babies

CHRISTINA HARDYMENT *Cape* £9.95

No doubt about it, this is a peach of a subject, subtitled 'Child Care from Locke to Spock', but Christina Hardyment has, disappointingly, come up with a dish of stewed fruit. Her survey of child-care manuals through the ages is exhaustively researched with a catalogue of detail and quirky information (like the Victorian 'anti-embarrassment device for nursing mothers': a rubber contraption not unlike a demented douche-bag). She charts shifts in belief towards our present child-centred paradigm, challenges the commonplace historical caricature of pre-Freudian parents as oblivious to their children's psychological needs, is decidedly pro-mother, and has the occasional felicitous insight: the development of prams caused tots to be separated from their parents for long periods, the permissive parenting of the never-had-it-so-good 1950s and '60s rested upon economic growth ('only with two children and a modernized home can the demands of modern child-care theorists be comfortably met').

But this is not a book of ideas, only of one-off thoughts: Hardyment doesn't ask 'why' often enough, and only spasmodically and perfunctorily relates changes in child-care fashion to broader social and economic changes, or explains their social implications: where a Foucault or an Ehrenreich and English (*For Her Own Good*) would have illuminated, she simply recounts.

The manuals she scrutinises were aimed at middle-class families, and she rarely takes time out to explore what working-class households did, or indeed to ask how far the books reflected or dictated actual practice, and how far they served only an ideological function. She is little concerned with how changing child-care practices affected women's lives in particular, or in the differential treatment of baby boys and girls.

Her own position is clear: she's a firm defender of 'maternal instinct' as against the diktat of experts – all well and good – but doesn't stop to consider how instincts are mediated through cultural norms. This leads her to a glib conclusion ('No one has yet produced the elusive blueprint for a perfect child. Confident in this, perhaps we can bring up our children in the way that feels right'), where a perspicacious writer would see this as something to be struggled for.

Anne Karpf

The Palestinians

DESMOND STEWART *Quartet* £7.95

Desmond Stewart, who sadly and unexpectedly died in Cairo in 1981, was a novelist, an historian and a travel writer, and this short book combines the best qualities of his previous writing. Its twin themes, Israel's oppression of the Palestinians and the corruption of the Zionist ideal, are discussed during two journeys, made in 1980 and 1981, to Israel and the Occupied Territories.

The author began his travels on the West Bank, where he witnessed the humiliation Israeli soldiers impose on those Palestinians wishing to cross the Jordan, and from there he went to Gaza. Although he had lived in the Middle East for 30 years, it was Desmond Stewart's first visit to Palestine. Predictably, he was both surprised and horrified by the Zionists' mistreatment of the Palestinians, whose only crime was 'to have inhabited land wanted by other people'.

The author's sensitivity and acuteness of observation are particularly impressive when he is describing Israel. He met a few liberal Israelis who are appalled by the thugs of Mr Begin's Likud and realise that the old Zionist ideals have been destroyed. 'Jewish violinists and psychiatrists' no longer work the land on the *kibbutzim*. The labourers are the Arabs who once owned it. Israel was 'not the arrogant, over-confident land you used to read about in the 1960s' but a shabby, pessimistic nation, 'a ragbag of neuroses'.

It is the unnaturalness, the alien quality, of the Israeli presence that most affects the author. For thousands of liberal Israelis the Zionist dream is over, destroyed by the fanaticism of their government. For many of them emigration is the only answer and the author quotes one who, on the eve of his departure, remarked to a Palestinian friend: 'We Israelis of this generation envy you Palestinians, even if we do not all admit it. You at least have a cause: but our cause is dead.'

David Gilmour

Fortune and Men's Eyes: The Career of John Payne Collier

DEWEY GANZEL *Oxford* £15

The current edition of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* will have to be revised. It states that John Payne Collier, the famous 19th-century editor of Shakespeare and historian of English dramatic poetry, will be 'remembered also for his falsifications of ancient documents, notably for forgeries of marginal corrections of the text of Shakespeare in the Perkins Folio.' Dewey Ganzel disputes that received opinion. His book, which originated in a comparison of the careers of Dickens's biographer, John Forster, and John Payne Collier, found its final form in the life of Collier alone. The enigma of his achievements absorbed Ganzel who describes in this book how 'the destruction of John Payne Collier may have been the most successful conspiracy in literary history'.

Collier became one of the most respected literary scholars of his day. He established drama as a distinct literary genre worthy of other scholars' and commentators' attention, and he was a frequent contributor to *Notes and Queries*, that most learned of journals, founded in 1849 by William Thomas. He died in literary disgrace. Dewey Ganzel sits on Collier's case as an Appeal Judge, and finds him 'not guilty' of the malicious forgery charges. His report is fascinating, minutely researched and thoroughly documented.

Brian Martin

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USA
Christopher Hitchens

All right, Jack

America, Americans
EDMUND FAWCETT and TONY THOMAS *Collins*
£12.95

Shortly before last Christmas, a black man dived in front of a New York City subway train in order to save the life of a stranger. While he was recovering in hospital, it was learned that he was the father of a large family and had failed in all his efforts to find a job. You didn't have to be a bleeding heart liberal to find such a story somewhat affecting at the Christmas season, and President Ronald Reagan (who is no bleeding heart liberal) found it as affecting as could be. He made a personal telephone call to the astonished citizen, and promised to try and find him employment. A prospective boss was soon found, and Presidential initiative transformed the 'prospective' into an actual post in a magical flash. The figures for unemployment, in the meantime, continued to surge upwards.

I thought when I read that item, or series of items, how well it served to exemplify one of the conclusions of this excellent book. The authors remark, very aptly, that

> while Americans happily embrace the improvability of individual men and women, they treat the improvability of man as a dangerously socialist doctrine. Suspicion of government and fear of the mass – even Whitman's hopeful 'I *en masse*' – runs out of the Constitution as a red thread through the American political tradition. That Americans' view of individual men and women is so sunny, but of man, so dark, coloured the American greetings given Freud and Darwin.

If you find that *aperçu* intriguing, you should storm out and buy this book. It is designed as a panoptic guide to the vast United States, and it brings off its objective very well. Here and there one can detect the result of those conversations between editor, author and agent that are so vital to the making of an American book. 'I think we need a chapter on television – Jack knows somebody in Atlanta who has the dirt on cable', but that can be borne.

The very scale of the country does tempt authors, reviewers and correspondents into aphorism and metaphor. Compared with England, the USA is much more open and democratic, but much more conservative. It avoids and prohibits an established religion, but is much more devout. It is more libertarian and more intolerant. It was founded in repudiation of monarchy but has made a hollow deity out of the Presidency. Boring arguments like 'Will America become isolationist?' or 'Is America too interventionist?' founder because it is always both at the same time.

Fawcett and Thomas have seen a lot of the country and are obviously very fond of it. Their picture is built out of a series of more or less self-contained chapters, dealing with business, sex, agriculture, education, law and politics. (There is no chapter on the military, which I think is a very regrettable omission.) What they found on their journeys and in their conversations, and what they convey rather well, is a country which is just beginning to sense the limits of its power and resources. To sense them, that is, without exactly realising them. The United States still proclaims that it can be 'Number One' in military competition with the Soviet Union, 'Number One' in economic competition with Japan, 'Number One' in the Atlantic Alliance and *vis à vis* the Third World, and continue to provide a burgeoning standard of living to its citizens. Any fool can see that this cannot be done. But British people should be the first to sympathise with a country that has difficulty in giving up its illusions.

The domestic fall-out of all this is very interesting to observe. Grain farmers become stockmarket speculators, patrolling their vast tracts with headphones signalling market shifts. Americans of all ages are becoming susceptible to instant religions, to consoling 'self-improvement' circles and in many cases to outright cranks and villains.

Even so, contracting reality need not mean diminished expectations. The authors don't find that the nerve of ingenuity has gone dead. The reason for the sorry state of American politics, with mass abstention and the elevation of clownish mediocrities to power, is precisely that most Americans feel that they have better things to do. Here again is the dissonance between the public and the private life. Fawcett and Thomas give less than 20 pages to their chapter on the party system, and all I can say is that I'm amazed they managed to spin it out that long ('Jack likes the chapter. He really does. He just thinks it should have a little more on the Reagan revolution'.)

I found some of the best reading in the book the sections, or sudden bursts, about American style. In a vivid chapter on architecture and the urban scape, I hit on:

> The visitor may readily forget Exxon's oil company tower in Houston, Del Monte's fruit and vegetable business headquarters in downtown San Francisco, or General Dynamics' aerospace main office in St Louis, but surely not the gas station on East Marginal Way, Seattle, built as an outsize set of cowboy hat and boots, nor the vegetable stand in Castroville in the Salinas valley in the shape of a gigantic green artichoke, nor the filling station in Ashtabula, Ohio, with a flying saucer perched on its roof.

Nor, for the matter of that, the Cadillac Farm in Amarillo. This is not a book of ideas, or about ideas, and it was not designed to be. But it contrives to *have* ideas and to discuss ideas (especially in the admirable and too short chapter on academia). This promotes it from being a good travelogue to being a thoughtful and witty introduction. □

Human stress, work and job satisfaction: A critical approach
by T. M. Fraser
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ISBN 92-2-103189-6 £3.55

Microelectronics and office jobs
The impact of the chip on women's employment, *by Diane Werneke*
Recent advances in microelectronics technology have made possible a variety of highly flexible, powerful and rapid computing devices at a low and steadily falling cost. Their widespread use ensures the inevitable change in the nature of jobs, and indeed the disappearance of many. This is particularly evident in office work and women's office jobs will be the first to be affected. This monograph focuses specifically on the implications for women and shows that while technology eliminates jobs, it does not eliminate work. Therefore workers whose jobs are at risk must increase their technical and organisational knowledge through training, thus upgrading their skills and improving job satisfaction.
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FICTION
Bill Greenwell

Deceptive calm

The Cage
SUSAN CHEEVER *Weidenfeld* £6.95
Separate Tracks
JANE ROGERS *Faber* £7.95
A Coin in Nine Hands
MARGUERITE YOURCENAR *Aidan Ellis* £7.95
Marienbad
SHOLOM ALEICHEM *Weidenfeld* £7.95

Susan Cheever's third novel **The Cage** is, until its late and agile twist, deceptively uneventful. Much as her first novel *Looking for Work* did, it chugs along, tugging in its wake the reader, who is surprised to find it so engrossing. Almost idly, it describes a marriage that has lost its gloss; but the writing is so sprightly that humdrum events become entirely absorbing.

This ordinariness is at the novel's heart. Quite quickly, the wife, Julia, complains about

> the small kitchen, the emptied supermarket bags, the congealing remains of her tuna-fish salad lunch. How had her life become so ordinary?

Her father, now dead, has been well-heeled, indulging in whims like a private menagerie. Her husband Billy is a browbeating journalist, turning out ponderously worthy articles for backbiting sub-editors; all that remains of her father's former glory is his collapsing country residence, complete with pointlessly preserved elephant cage. It is now the couple's summer retreat, albeit interrupted ceaselessly by business calls from the city. What Cheever achieves with startling clarity is a surface naturalism, with a powerful eye for telling, insignificant detail and a feeling for the petty emotions of jealousy and depression. Neither character is attractive, sympathy out of the reader's question; it is the quality of the prose, only occasionally self-conscious, that is irresistible.

Only when the desultory routine of Billy and Julia's relationship is shifted a little by moving into the mouldering mansion, the focal point of Julia's memories, does the novel bite back. Their daughter sends a letter; she won't be with them this summer; she is getting married. The same post brings a boring business letter for Billy, with an ambiguously scribbled message from his secretary. Julia intercepts both; then, on a casually vicious whim, she retaliates by locking Billy in the cage, which he is repairing as an aimless kind of therapy. The moment is thoroughly frightening, making the suppressed tension tangible; the novel's conclusion is masterly. As the final pages turn, the reader recalls a succession of brilliant images, sewn into the subtext, by which we have been prepared for the ending. Cheever is exceptionally talented, this novel superbly compulsive.

Separate Tracks, Jane Rogers' debut, also aims at naturalism, but the plot's consequences are much more predictable. Middle-class Emma puts in a stint of social work before university; she works in a children's home, to flush out prejudices she feels have been fed her about working-class deprivation. The first half is her emetic. In it, she meets Orph, a miserably taciturn teenager whose nickname – it's as in Orphan – evinces the casual brutality of institutions. Behind a simpleton's mask, Orph contains violent and vengeful instincts. The novel hinges, creakingly, on Emma's half-considered, kindly offering to Orph – her university address. We know immediately that Orph will move into Emma's territory, become the outsider. Rogers's portrait of university life, as of the children's home, is entirely convincing. Less easy to believe is the equanimity with which Orph's arrival is treated by Emma's new flatmate, and his acceptance into the student world, although he is never properly absorbed, is too much to swallow. And when Orph is offered a job at a factory picketed by Emma's friends, the irony seems desperately contrived. Yet Orph, a forlorn figure, emotionally derelict but for his obsession with Emma, is well realised, and *Separate Tracks* intelligently avoids the threat of proselytising which comes with the subject. The ending errs on the sensational side; but Rogers has made an impressive arrival.

The arrivals of **A Coin in Nine Hands** and **Marienbad,** however, are long overdue. Yourcenar's novel has a tortuous history: written in 1934, thoroughly revised in 1959, only now translated from the French. Its simple structure causes convoluted effects. A ten-lira coin passes through nine hands, and the lives of its owners under the earlier years of Mussolini are successively dwelt upon. Sometimes the characters are related; sometimes their meetings are fleeting, accidental. But they have a sense of loss in common – betrayed in love, deserted by society, or ditched by the corruption, through age or illness, of the body. The dictator is only dimly heard; but a pivotal character almost incidentally sacrifices herself in an assassination attempt. The novel is clever and compassionate, but the characters remain rather anonymous. The whole is like a haystack where one is constantly pricked by an elusive needle, although Yourcenar writes – in both senses – like a dream.

It's also hard to hang on to characters' hats in Aleichem's *Marienbad,* especially in its later stages. Written in 1911, it's a highly comic sequence of letters, and eventually telegrams, mainly between Warsaw and the spa town of the title. From the Jewish community of Warsaw, anxious correspondents attempt, ineffectively, to control their relatives – who are playing non-stop hooky instead of taking the waters. Most letters are bravura bluff, with the subject of money recurring in ever more inventive fashion.

The blurb asserts that 'these people do not yet know that their neighbourhood will become a world-famous ghetto.' True. But it's a strange way of putting it. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Two timing

Heat and Dust
(15) *Curzon*
Cary Grant Season
NFT, 2-28 February

Here and there stubborn examples of private enterprise, of good movies conceived and created against the financial odds, keep cropping up to cheer the reviewer, renew faith in that rare combination of art and tenacity. In this respect Merchant Ivory Productions have gone on taking the biscuit. Twenty-one years of their output have just been celebrated by a complete retrospective at the National Film Theatre and the publication of John Pym's excellent and sympathetic short study, *The Wandering Company* (BFI, £4.50), which provides comments and credits for all the films made under that banner along with horse's-mouth background on the coming together and intimate collaboration of the trio responsible for the cream of them: James Ivory, American director; Ismail Merchant, Indian producer; and Polish-born Ruth Prawer Jhabvala as scriptwriter extraordinary. This cosmopolitan crew of talents has been surprising and delighting ever since their little Indian-based bombshell *Shakespeare Wallah* turned up at the 1965 London Film Festival to go swiftly into the Academy before the end of the year. (It was the success of this which dragged their very first feature, *The Householder,* from a Jhabvala novel, into London in its wake.)

Since then, there have been American films (*Savages* and *The Wild Party,* without Jhabvala; *Roseland, The Europeans* and *Jane Austen in Manhattan,* very much with) and the Parisian *Quartet;* and, pleasure aside, lessons to be drawn from these. The Merchant-Ivory combine seems to love a good party, on screen as well as off; a 'found' location (vast, eccentric Beechwood House in *Savages;* Roseland itself) may play a central role in creation; young, little-known actresses give stunning performances (Lisa Eichhorn in *The Europeans,* Sean Young in *Jane Austen*). James Ivory is not just that quiet American who makes such marvellous movies 'about India'. In fact, the story goes that he had to be urged on by his incurably energetic and persuasive producer to make his latest, the sage and impressionistic **Heat and Dust,** at all. 'I feel that *The Europeans* is Ruth's, *Quartet* is mine, and *Heat and Dust* is Ismail's.'

Maybe, but the outcome ranks among Ivory's finest works, a slightly mitigated but still caustic and engrossing version – scripted by the author – of Jhabvala's Booker Prize-winning novel of 1975. Anne (Julie Christie), fed up with a research job at

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Cazenove and Scacchi in *Heat and Dust*

the Beeb, goes to India on another sort of research and, probably, search. Sixty years before, Olivia (Greta Scacchi), young wife of Anne's British civil servant grandfather, had an affair with a local Nawab (Shashi Kapoor) and skipped, confiding her errancies in letters to a sister in Paris. The hard-done-by husband, Douglas (Christopher Cazenove), subsequently re-married a woman to become Anne's grandmother. So it is after talking to now aged Harry in London, once bosom friend of the Nawab, and armed with her step-grandmama's letters, that Anne travels to the provincial town of Satipur, there lodging with a minor Indian official, Inder Lal (Zakir Hussain), and his family. The film traverses time and geography with beautiful confidence and skill, shifting from the Twenties tale to Anne's contemporary progress with some parallels, some ironies, but rarely succumbing to the easier pitfalls of compare and contrast. The evidence of *autres temps, autres moeurs* is just, fairly casually, there.

In Greta Scacchi as pretty, wilful Olivia, damned in a handsome and industrious husband and bored to distraction with servant-fed idleness and protocol, Ivory has made another discovery: her seeming wide-eyed innocence ensnares Kapoor's grand but impoverished Nawab as surely as he imperiously sets his turban at her. There is a munificent banquet scene: there is a charming picnic just before the seduction where an al fresco game of musical cushions is played. (In the book, the Nawab triumphantly won this: the film has him more studiedly courteous. Other softenings include the omission of mentions of suttee, the absence of the proud death of an old beggar woman.) Underlining Olivia's waywardness, her unawareness of the equivalent of losing face, is the superbly beady presence of Madhur Jaffrey's Begum, waving a stabbing cigarette-holder among her purdah women, quizzing this crude Englishwoman through binoculars, ensuring an abortion when – to her son's joy: '*Now* they'll see!', he exclaims at the news – Olivia gets pregnant. It's the stern British doctor's finding of a twig used by an Indian midwife that guarantees Olivia's disgrace and flight.

Meanwhile, a term used advisedly since the cutting back and forth between past and present is easy and constant, Anne has amiably suffered as room-mate 'Chid' (Charles McCaughan), a silly, sincere American turned Hindu mystic, a begging babbler who comically tries her for sex – she kicks that hope out of him (though, again, not in the book) – and eventually falls sick and goes home. While Chid was on a pilgrimage with her landlord Inder Lal's mother and epileptic young wife, Anne has had her affair with Lal, an affectionate business, is herself impregnated but decides to keep her baby. She sets off, haversack on back, to the mountain lodge, among snowy peaks, where Olivia had lived out her days, less and less visited by her Nawab. Up there, in a monastery yet higher, she will give birth, make up perhaps for that stopped child of long ago. A high panoramic view leaves that in suspension: there has to be an end.

The saddest character in the whole clash of cultures is Harry (Nickolas Grace) of the naughty eyes, the submissive Englishman at the court of the palace at Khatm, guilty pawn in the play between Olivia and her Nawab, the excuse for her unaccompanied visits there. (And Harry, old in London, is unhappily stagy, the least convincing appearance on view.) His voice-over mingles with that of Anne as one of the devices by which the time-travelling action is forwarded. Strictly, a few of the scenes, such as the demented Douglas's rooting round his house after a vanished Olivia, break out of the conventions whereby either Olivia (justified by what she divulged in her letters) or present-day Anne is on screen. But these are not grave faults, and the most impudent of Ivory's tricks I found myself even warmly condoning. In her inevitable exile, Olivia sits playing the piano that has been lugged up to that lodge while the Nawab is nearby, sipping tea. Anne's reflection is cast on the window as we look in: the couple stare back, across history, in a kind of sympathetic link in a timeless continent.

Cary Grant, and 32 of his films at the NFT: introducing this bumper windfall, David Thomson has no doubts – 'the real impossibility is to think of movies without him'. High praise indeed; and, rapidly, all who can are urged to catch Irene Dunne and debonair Grant with his white, white smile, inviting complicity, in Leo McCarey's frothlight divorce comedy, **The Awful Truth** (1937), this coming Saturday, 5 February. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Talking shop

A Map of the World
DAVID HARE *Lyttelton*

There is a case to be put against David Hare's *Map of the World,* and one or two of my more hard-nosed colleagues have, I see, been assiduously putting it. In the capsule version – coated in forbidding black, bitter tasting, to be hastily swallowed, not sucked or chewed – it goes something like this.

Behind the relatively sophisticated Hare of the play's surface, there's another, more callow Hare, who suffers from that myxomatosis of the Left, raging didacticism. Accordingly, he brings together two near-caricatures to engage in a debate about art and politics whose conclusion is, if not exactly rigged, at least visible some miles away. The bright-eyed socialist journalist Stephen, in Bombay to cover a Unesco conference about poverty, will morally best the disdainful right-wing novelist Victor Mehta, whose planned presence on the podium has irked some of the Third World delegates and looks likely to provoke a mass walk-out. How could it be otherwise, when the one intones things like 'as great as the need for bread is the need for ideals' and the other sneers that the only Chinese leader he admires is Chou en-Lai, 'because he alone had the iron self-control not to publish his own poetry'? It is in essence a contest between a white-hot crusader and a straw man: that is, no contest at all.

Worse, Hare has injected specious dramatic tension into the debate by introducing an improbably liberated American girl to offer

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herself as a sexual trophy to the most eloquent of the two men, both of whom fancy her lissom thighs. Worse still, Stephen high-mindedly rejects her favours and strides off to a martyr's death in an implausible train-crash somewhere offstage. Worse yet, Stephen's arguments and demise combine magically to convert Mehta from a detached jokesmith into someone prepared to commit himself on at least two levels: to the American, whom he marries, and to the view that 'this feeling we may change things – this is at the centre of everything we are: lose that, lose everything'. Even worse, if worse were conceivable, our mad March Hare has placed these events within the framework of a commercial movie being made about them: so that if anything, from language to happenings to acting, seems artificial or silly, he has the alibi of it all being a play-within-a-film and therefore not necessarily true to life.

Now there were times when I, too, wondered if there wasn't something, well, a bit Hare-brained about the play: that convenient death; that convenient heroine, so much less interesting a character than one had expected from a dramatist noted for creating fine parts for women; the convenience (or worse) of one moment suggesting that Mehta will destroy the conference if he fails publicly to denigrate the novelist's art as 'lies', at another of allowing him to absent himself from it without that predicted disaster so much as being remembered.

Yet much more often I was absorbed, stimulated and amused, and I don't think only because I'm personally soft-centred or because I'm writing for the 'literary left-wing magazine' that presumably employs the play's protagonist. For one thing, it is mostly very well written, whether Hare is wryly mocking the philistinism of the conference's organisers ('We do not give a toss what a novel is. I think I may say this is Scandinavia's official position') or putting a speech of Shavian vigour and lucidity into the mouth of an African delegate enraged by Western superciliousness. For another, it offers many fewer answers than it asks questions, both about its people and the issues they raise or represent; and, if it reaches a resolution of sorts, it's one that is earned, not begged, borrowed or spun out of the sky.

THIS interrogatory emphasis is apparent from the very beginning, a deliberately inconclusive mini-wrangle about the poverty of Bombay and what, how and why to think, feel and do about it. It is of course intensified by the filmic format, inserting (as it does) the uncertainty principle into the fabric proper, and it doesn't suddenly disappear when we come to Stephen himself, who isn't without his boorishness, myopia, envy and malice. Indeed, one sometimes wonders if Hare, so far from endorsing the journalist's political optimism, doesn't share the somewhat cynical view recently put forward by Tom Stoppard's thematically and stylistically rather similar *Real Thing:* that 'public postures have the configuration of private derangement'. Conversely, he doesn't abandon openmindedness and artistry and transform himself into a killer-robot when Mehta moves into his moral and political sights. On the contrary, I strongly suspect that this is the character that most intrigues and attracts him, the one whose magnetic pull he feels, feels personally and is worried about feeling.

After all, Mehta is permitted to put a passionate and persuasive case for the duty of the writer to present his perceptions honestly and even woundingly, whatever the pressures on him to muffle his voice or compromise his vision. That he is personally somewhat spoiled and effete (or, more accurately, enjoys striking effete postures) doesn't make him wrong when, for instance, he goes on to argue that 'mankind has one enemy, and it is not poverty, it is self-deception'. This only means you've got to get your facts right before you can do anything about them, a view you, I and Hare would doubtless all share.

There's much, very much to be said for Mehta and his arguments: the question is their sufficiency. Is the objectivity he claims a human possibility? Aren't the most searing perceptions invariably only part of some larger truth, and isn't the sharpest observation always subtly distorted by the biases of the observer? Isn't this last a special danger for the writer, shut away with paper and paranoia in his private eyrie? Isn't he at least likely to get cut off from the sweat and aggro of the human zoo? That being so, must his liberty always be paramount? Might there not be circumstances when the rights of the lonely penpusher should cede to the interests of the many?

Some will see a creeping totalitarianism in such a line of argument; yet those questions are ones any sensitive and responsible writer will, should, *must* ask himself as he anguishes over the typewriter. Nor does Hare answer them, as his severer critics suppose, by transforming his novelist into a compliant hack, ready to hawk the verbal posturings of leftist dictatorships. There's no indication that Mehta has come to think his art 'lies', nor can we be sure that he would publicly pretend he did, even if it meant saving a talk-in about poverty far more beneficial than this one is finally shown to be. Much of the old, scathing Mehta remains, as for instance when he denounces the 'hypocrisy, trash' of those Unesco delegates who sought to exploit Stephen's death. But now that *saeva indignatio* combines with a bit less eagerness to patronise and dismiss, a bit more humility, openness and willingness to understand. It is a synthesis, not a Pauline conversion.

Hare's production, like his play, has its flaws. If Roshan Seth is splendidly suave and saturnine as Mehta, and Bill Nighy restlessly charismatic as Stephen, Diana Quick can do little with the part of their hoped-for houri except vaguely glitter, like a rather good paste diamond; and there are occasional awkwardnesses of tone, mood and style. But the overall result is not, I insist, just another example of left-wing rancour glibly masquerading as art. On the contrary, it seems to me a work of genuine search, struggle and discovery, and as rich as anything Hare has written to date. □

ART
John Spurling

Tongue in cheek

Barry Flanagan
Whitechapel
Tony Carter
Serpentine
St. Ives Gallery
New Art Centre
Acquisition in Focus 2
National Gallery

The reason the NS had to move, I believe, was to get away from Barry Flanagan's *Camdonian*, sited this last two years within a stone's throw of number 10, Great Turnstile. Not that the piece is offensive; on the contrary, it's a mild and gentle joke, a large flat piece of steel curling forward on top, like a child's paper cut-out, into the rough outline of twin trees and with its centre partly excised and pulled back to form the stand. The laugh is on the idea of sculpture as something three-dimensional, on the idea of art as representing nature and on the idea of the sculptor being a craftsman, for this sculptor only drew his piece and then handed it over to somebody else to be turned into steel. The trouble with jokes is that they so quickly become old jokes. Seeing *Camdonian* every day must be rather like sitting in a traffic jam behind one of those jocular car-stickers.

Flanagan has not, so far as I know, ever made a sculpture which wasn't tongue-in-cheek. In his early days, reacting against the metal abstractions and austere aesthetics of his tutors at St Martin's School of Art, he went in for soft materials, especially hessian, rope and sand. In the Seventies he started carving in stone, tentatively, like a boy playing with broken rocks and a penknife on the beach, and producing here a damaged owl, there a partial fish, a shell-shape or a vaguely runic doodle – mocking presumably the ancient cultural objects in museum collections. More recently he has parodied the sort of sculpture one associates with Barbara Hepworth: vaguely organic forms which Flanagan first pinches out small in clay (as you might knead plasticine in an idle moment) and then sends to Pietrasanta to be exactly translated by virtuoso Italian craftsmen into marble. As for the gymnastic hares, made of bronze to look like blackened pipe-cleaners, they are surely send-ups of all those absurdly poised nudes (miracles of armature technique) by academic sculptors which adorn fountains, parks and public squares.

It may seem odd that this persistent *flâneur* should have emerged of late as such a serious figure, representing Britain at last year's Venice Biennale, admired by critics, *persona grata* with the Tate, the Arts Council and the British Council. The truth and the real joke is that Flanagan's devotees in the

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art establishment don't see his hares as parodies, they like them (dreadful cartoon whimsies that they are) for themselves and I suspect that if one of those academic sculptors were to sign his next lymphatic nymph with the name Flanagan they would discover they liked that too. Flanagan himself, to judge by his performance on the *South Bank Show*, is left more or less speechless by the absurdity of it all.

IT WOULD be easy at first sight to write off Tony Carter as another Flanagan – or worse, a Flanagan in earnest. Carter's pieces are in the Duchamp tradition of the ready-made object with esoteric associations, and their titles sound pretentious. In fact, the meanings, both of the pieces and their titles, are quite precise. 'By bread only – for the demise of icons', for instance, consists of an easel supporting a white canvas on which is hung an ordinary saucepan, incised on its inside base with a Leonardesque angel's head and lit so as to cast a reflection in the shape of an angel's wing. Like certain lyric poets, Carter begins with an object or illustration which strikes some emotional or intellectual spark in him and then teases out its significance through visual rather than linguistic metaphors. The saucepan, hanging, one imagines, in his kitchen, must have caught his attention with its chance reflection, the angel spelled Leonardo, Leonardo an easel and canvas and the artist in general – yet in the midst of all these intimations of immortality the saucepan continued to insist on its merely kitchen identity. You do rather need Carter there at your elbow to supply a few clues to his three-dimensional poems, but once you've settled down to look at them the pieces take on a sober, classical presence, whose implications flower slowly in the mind.

The New Art Centre, which has specialised for some years in the work of post-war artists working in Cornwall, has now redesigned its lower gallery to serve as a permanent London address for them and there is an impressive mixed show in both the upper and lower galleries to celebrate the occasion. Lanyon, Heron, Hilton and Frost are well represented, but there are also fine paintings by lesser-known figures such as Paul Feiler. Sven Berlin and Wilhelmina Barns-Graham and a powerful group of early drawings by Bryan Wynter. Bold colour, fresh light, surface texture and the exhilarating sweep of open landscape are the St Ives School's hallmarks and it remains the most coherent, original self-confidently native movement in England since the days of the romantic watercolourists at the beginning of the 19th century.

The National Gallery's second 'Acquisition in Focus' exhibition features Rubens' newly-cleaned masterpiece 'Samson and Delilah' displayed over a magnificent replica of the huge fireplace in Nicholaas Rockox's Antwerp house where it first hung. It makes you realise how much even grand paintings like this lose when they pass into the public wards of institutions. One can hardly ask for every painting in the National Gallery to be given a comparable measure of comfort and privacy, but individual lighting helps and perhaps it might be possible always to have at least one painting being shown in special circumstances – a kind of National Gallery repertory theatre, with, as it were, a different production every month.

Don't miss *The Rothko Conspiracy* on BBC-2 this Sunday. It's a riveting documentary dramatisation of how America's greatest painter was sold down the river by his dealer and friends and how, after his suicide, the villains were brought to book by Rothko's daughter and her white knight, the Assistant Attorney-General of New York State. □

ARCHITECTURE
Jules Lubbock

Appearances

Look, Stranger, At This Island Now
Architectural Association, till 18 February
Ten New Buildings *and* **Aldo Rossi**
ICA till 20 February

The architecture section of the Thirties Exhibition at the Hayward three years ago gave the impression that this was the heyday of the International Modern Style and its white stucco geometry. The current exhibition at the AA is intended as a corrective. So we are shown neo-Georgian public libraries, thatched cottages, revived Victorian Gothic churches and the flashy Byzantinism of the Lyons Corner Houses. Modernism is presented as the pioneering style of a small professional coterie, which to the layman of the time was almost indiscernible – a few shops, flats, private houses and zoos.

If anything, the organisers have not gone far enough. Like so many architectural historians they are obsessed with appearances, to the exclusion of the social and economic forces which govern fixed investment in building. After 1932 the South-East and Midlands were booming. Houses with electricity doubled from a third to two-thirds of the total. Landscaped factories making electrical appliances were built along the new arterial roads.

It was the decade of the suburban semi, and of garden-city council estates, of luxury flats and office blocks in a discreetly up-to-date style, and of Odeon cinemas. In this context the modernists were utopian knights errant whose opportunity did not arrive till after the war with the welfare state, city centre redevelopment and the increased demand for offices.

Today we are in reaction against what are seen as the disasters of the post-war building boom, and architects have been forced to change direction. The two exhibitions at the ICA provide the general public with a chance to see what could be in store. Both are devoted to the less frivolous manifestations of the past five years by architects of international reputation. The work of Aldo Rossi is the most provocative.

One room is filled with large monochrome plans and elevations of an awesome severity and order based upon the symmetries of Italian Renaissance architecture stripped of its ornament. A photograph of a primary school shows a class of five-year-olds utterly dwarfed by square columns and an altar-like structure set into the wall of a cloistered courtyard. Rossi has written of architecture as a ritual rather than as a creative process, providing people with a structure to enable them to live with change. He is also on record as an admirer of Stalinist architecture. Another side of his work is displayed in a room of architectural fantasies. In one of them the ritual geometry of his own buildings jostles with and overlaps the irregular street plans of an actual city and picturesque views of mediaeval Italian hill towns, epitomising the dilemma of an architect whose ethics are in conflict with the dominant forces of history. There is no doubting the seriousness with which Rossi has confronted the centripetal tendencies of the consumer society, but to British sensibilities his solutions may feel more like a return to the prison house than an escape from it.

The other exhibition shows ten buildings each by a different architect. They range from a New Town Centre in West Germany, in which rows of flats extend in strict order from the central spine of a shopping arcade, to a private house in California tailored to satisfy the client's every whim, down to a doggie-door for their great dane. Two museums accommodate themselves to their sites through picturesque planning and the use of historical references. A housing scheme in Portugal involved extended consultation with the future tenants, and some of the difficulties are hinted at. Most of the schemes display a willingness to conform to their context and to their client's wishes. Whether they succeed or not is impossible to say without seeing the buildings for oneself and listening to the opinions of their users. Architecture is so complex that it does not lend itself readily to exhibitions. But the ICA has made an admirable effort to present buildings as something more than pretty pictures, by providing plans and models. Even so the difficulties of laymen in interpreting technicalities are underestimated.

Whether the work in these two exhibitions is a guide to the buildings which will actually put their stamp upon the Eighties is open to question. All these architects are concerned with architecture as an art, and are not unaware that their concerns are peripheral to the considerations of property companies and housebuilders responsible for the great mass of construction. A boom on the scale of the Thirties is a dim prospect, but the continuing growth of new household formations, and the movement of businesses out of London into the West Country are just two of the conditions which will help to shape the environment. We won't be seeing Odeon cinemas and Tudorbethan semis; more probably discreet neo-Georgian housing estates and redbrick neo-Victorian office blocks and carparks. □

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TELEVISION
William Boyd

Laying pipe

'We gotta lay some more pipe here.' 'Do we need more heat?' 'I think there's enough top spin.' This is not, as you would be forgiven for thinking, anything to do with the installation of a new drainage system on the centre court, Wimbledon, but is rather the language of television as she is spoke on the three major networks in the USA. A brief guide to this arcane dialect was one of the bonuses of a fascinating **Did You See?** (BBC-2) special which looked at the creation of two new drama series for prime-time TV in the States.

The two programmes in question – *Family Ties* and *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* – haven't been shown over here yet, and, if we're lucky, they never will be, as it was plain from even the sparest glimpses we were afforded that they are a right pair of turkeys. And yet they are holding their own in the ratings battle over there, it seems, and have been retained for an extra season.

The programme – made by CBS – addressed itself to the pertinent question of why these shows were so bad and why they were so typical of the kind of product foisted on the American public. After all, the three giant networks – ABC, NBC and CBS – spend $100,000,000 per annum on developing new series. With that kind of investment, and with the immense pool of talent that can be drawn on, the common denominator shouldn't be dreck.

Various producers were interviewed at length and knew precisely where to put the blame. 'Network executives', they said with one voice. They made it sound a potent expletive. It appears that once a producer has sold a show to a network – usually on the basis of a pilot and a lot of talk about 'concepts' – he then takes a succession of meetings with the aforementioned executives to find out what kind of a series he's going to make.

The network bosses' thinking is dominated by the findings of market research and the need to maintain their slice of the ratings; aesthetic criteria are all subsumed in the question 'Will it play in Peoria?' And it's here that the private language emerges. David Goldberg, the genially cynical producer of *Family Ties*, translated. There's no talk about character development or narrative ingenuity; it's all pipe, heat, top spin, buttons and blows. 'Laying pipe' is explaining; summarising the history of every character every time he or she appears on the screen, pointedly reminding the viewer of roles, relationships and plot developments. 'Heat' is tension. 'Top spin' is providing clear themes or items that link scene with scene. 'Blows' or 'buttons' are jokes that have to be delivered immediately before every commercial break, and, for some reason, when each character leaves a room.

It was Lowest Common Denominator television programming at its very worst. What's more disheartening is that even though nine out of ten shows flop, the networks doggedly persist with the same formula. The reason for this is, simply, that with a successful show the profits are enormous. And here the producers are not such unwilling accomplices. Goldberg said, with a gleam in his eye, that if *Family Ties* was even a modest success he personally would be heading for 'leezure village' for the rest of his life.

It made one give thanks for the public service ideal that still exists in this country and was an awful warning of the consequences of playing the ratings game. In America the network system is so monolithic and all-powerful that change appears almost impossible. But, as the CBS presenter reminded us, the audience is the final arbiter of taste. You can always switch off if you don't like it. And this apparently is what is now happening in the States; millions are beginning not to watch.

Meanwhile our own little ratings war rages in the early morning. TV-AM started as this column went to press and there was a certain amount of heat in evidence. Over on *Breakfast Time* it was all buttons and blows, though both teams will have to work on their top-spin. I have been and will be watching more of it than is good for me and will get down to some serious pipe-laying next week. □

ARTS COUNCIL
Robert Hutchison

The operators

TO HAVE ONE former Tory activist (Sir William Rees-Mogg) at the top of the Arts Council is unfortunate; to have a second (Luke Rittner) looks a little like carelessness. The opera mafia has struck again. In addition to Sir William ('We go to the opera quite a lot'), other key figures in the appointment of Rittner have been businessman Albert Frost, the blessed Lord Goodman (both pillars of the Royal Opera House) and Sir Michael Tippett – several of whose works have been first performed at Covent Garden.

A quarter of all Arts Council and Regional Arts Association funds go to opera; but how many opera devotees are there in Britain? Perhaps one fifth of one percent of the population; and every seat at the Royal Opera House carries a £25 subsidy – the average weekly dole for the unemployed. The Arts Council has done little to develop an educated majority culture; it has done much to defend an old culture of privilege.

The Arts Council's bias towards opera interlocks with its class bias and its metropolitan bias. In policy guidelines published in October 1981 it was stated that the proportion of the Arts Council's grant-in-aid spent in London 'has fallen from almost a half ten years ago to about a quarter now'; but the truth is that, even now, about half the Arts Council's expenditure in England goes to subsidise activities in London. What is to be done?

The old idea of arts subsidy as a handout and a drain on the Exchequer needs to be banished for ever. The trouble is that while the burghers of Edinburgh have been given some firm evidence about the economic return on the investment in the annual Edinburgh Festival, there is huge disagreement about how much money Shakespeare brings into Warwickshire, while the Arts Council and the GLC have no hard evidence to put before sceptical MPs, taxpayers and ratepayers about the overall impact of arts investment in London. There have been many pious words, but not one serious study; so work is needed there. The case for the arts is multi-faceted, but one of those facets is economic.

Secondly, the new-found enthusiasm of some local politicians for neighbourhood offices should be carried beyond a desire to bring essential services closer to where people live. The opportunity is there for many of the new neighbourhood centres to have some provision for the arts and crafts. As that well-known community artist Aristotle of Stagira knew, the arts are skills and there is no greater satisfaction than developing a skill over time. Of course the Arts Council wouldn't directly help to fund such local developments; but the struggle over the next few years will be to ensure that the Arts Council hands over much more of its funds to the Regional Arts Associations in part to finance the hundreds of arts centres that already exist and the hundreds more waiting to be born.

'We shall be looking at a steady progression of regional arts funding moving faster than national arts funding', said Sir William in a recent *Report to the Nation* on Channel 4. So shall we. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2756 **Set by Sir Gel**

The government may hire an advertising agency to 'sell' its defence policy. It should be a daunting task for the lads and lasses at J. Walter Thompson, so let's give them a hand with the copywriting. Up to 120 words, by 18 February.

No 2753 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Creative misprints in well-known passages of verse.

Report **By Al Fresco**

Not an easy one, this, as the number of duds in the comp folder testified. But a distinguished few were equal to the challenge. I

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admired Anne Rodgers for pulling the plug on the ancient mariner while he was still limbering up (would that Coleridge had done the same); another particular favourite was Peter Norman's fantasy of a hungry typesetter. Six of the best for each winning entry.

He holds him with his skinny hand.
'There was a shop', quoth he.
'Hold off! Unhand me, greybeard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

ANNE B. RODGERS

Waiter, waiter everywhere
And all the bards did shrink;
Waiter, waiter everywhere
Nor any drop to drink.

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast!
It was the time of noses
We picked them as we passed!

MRS J. MARTIN

She should have dined hereafter;
There would have been a thyme for suchard.
Tomorrow, and to marrow, and tomato,
Creeps in this petit pois from date to day,
To the last syllabub of recorked wine;
And all our yeasterdays have lifted foods
The waiter dusty death. Out, out, brie candle!
Life's butter whelking shadow, a pear player
That sprats and frets his flour upon the sage
And then is hared no more. It is a dal
Told byrani idiot, full of wind and puree,
Signifrying nothing.

PETER NORMAN

Or like stout Cortez when with beagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific – and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise –
Intent upon a peke in Darien.

N. J. WARBURTON

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking lager sobers us again.

V. ERNEST COX

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of mammaries and thighs
I consecrate to thee.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Beneath those ragged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turd in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude four fathers of the hamlet's sheep.

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

O, for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With bearded buddies wanking at the brim,
And purple-stained youth.

JIMMIE PEARSE

My heat leaps up when I be cold
As rain blowing the sky:
So was it when my wife began;
So is it now, I am a man;
So be it; when I shall grow odd,
Oh let me die!

BILL GREENWELL

So we'll go no more a-raving
So late into the night
Though the heart be still as loving
And the moan be still as bright.

GERARD BENSON

FIRST PERSON

John Morrow

Nearer to thee

YOU MAY SEARCH 'till your eyeballs are empty and blind', as the Irish ballad advises, but you'll not find it in any holiday brochure. The late Gilbert Harding once called it 'an extension of the Glasgow sewage system'; De Valera himself said it was the most Irish city in Ireland; an anonymous seaman likened the approach to it on a spring morning to a first sighting of the hilled city of Genoa.

As a citizen of Belfast I must say in all modesty that after a night crossing of the North Channel *any* dry land tends to appear like the hilled city of Genoa. Dev, of course, was merely buttering-up the Nationalist vote. And as for Harding, for whom everything north of Alexandra Palace was the land of bar-bar, he wouldn't recognise it now. The way things have been going Belfast, like Glasgow and the Satanic Mills of the 19th-century North from which it was a black pollination, could soon be a playground for industrial archaeologists.

The air is certainly much cleaner. When a branch of my family first came here on a horse-drawn cart in 1909, one thing my mother remembers is how the white ribbon in her hair became so indelibly stained with fall-out that she could never wear it again. Grandfather, a displaced master painter in search of work, unloaded the family belongings into a tiny terrace house overshadowed by the tanks of the Victorian gas-works and awaited with trepidation the arrival of Grandmother, who was travelling by train. Mother remembers him sitting on a tea-chest playing 'Abide With Me' on his Salvation Army cornet. In the only extant photograph of him, dolefully walrussed, he looks like a kicked water spaniel.

Grandma, on the other hand, was a fox terrier. She appears to have hated it all from the word go. A small-farmer's daughter from the shores of Lough Neagh, she loathed the noise, the dirt, the stink and the proximity of people. She had good cause. The gas-works scringed and wailed the night long, at times giving out a powerful stench, as if of one accord a million tom-cats were pissing painfully on hot cinders. In the dewy mornings, her boots crunched on a fine layer of black grinding-paste, and the stench had but given way to a lower-keyed one, reminisent of old bones, from the nearby river Lagan at low tide. People teemed, hammering through paper-thin walls on either side – and all, in Grandma's eyes, the wrong sort of people.

She belonged to the Church of Ireland, then still the church of the Ascendency. Naturally, she hated Catholics ('Fenians') and could recite a blood-curdling list of their atrocities in her home barony stretching back to 1641. To a lesser degree, but not much, she abominated Presbyterians. Both lived cheek-by-jowl in the reasonable amity of unskilled poverty. But Grandma would admit no compromise. Not long before her death at the age of eighty-eight I heard her again use the term 'mixed marriage' to describe a union between C. of I. and Presbyterian.

Granda she accused of having no interest in religion or the Salvation Army beyond the cornet and the uniform – hence, she said, his bad luck. The only job he could find was in the shipyards, red-leading the *Titanic*. The children, three girls and two boys, settled in best of all and never looked back. The girls were already skilled embroiderers and lace-makers and had no difficulty getting work in the thriving hanky trade. The older lad got an apprenticeship as a tenter in a linen mill; the younger did bicycle deliveries for a local grocer, hard training that was to stand him in good stead later, when he signed on as a dispatch rider in Carson's army: the Ulster Volunteer Force.

The only survivor remembers it all more vividly than she does yesterday: those first adventurous forays in a city full of sights and sounds strange and frightening to the newcomer. But by far the most awesome, she recalls, was the launching of the Eighth Wonder of the World . . .

Granda, with all the pride of a sole creator, took the family to see her enter the water, a queen come to life at the kiss of a bottle. Half Belfast was there to cheer wildly as she tore free of her chains and hurtled down the slipway to her element – even though for some it meant penury until the slip was filled again.

But not Granda; for him there was still many months' lucrative overtime at the finishing-off process. His turn came when she sailed out of the Lough, bound for her maiden voyage. A hard blow in hard times – but expected. A harder blow for poor Granda that day was to discover that he had left on board three of his most expensive brushes.

Grandma, who could quote the exact amount spent on the items, was furious. A family legend has it that on the day the world mourned for the sunk unsinkable, she flourished a black-edged newspaper at Granda, saying: 'Well, I suppose this means we may kiss good-bye to nineteen-bob's-worth of first quality badger!'

He didn't hear her. With damp eyes he was day-dreaming of the band on the boat-deck; of standing among them, up to the waist in icy water, making a last lovely job of the cornet passages in 'Nearer My God to Thee' . . . But he himself was Nearer than he thought, poor man; a 'flu epidemic took him not long after the Somme took his bike-riding son.

Now, the shipyards he dreaded look set to follow the *Titanic* any day, and the gas-works are being dismantled. Grandma too died, but her spirit lives on. □

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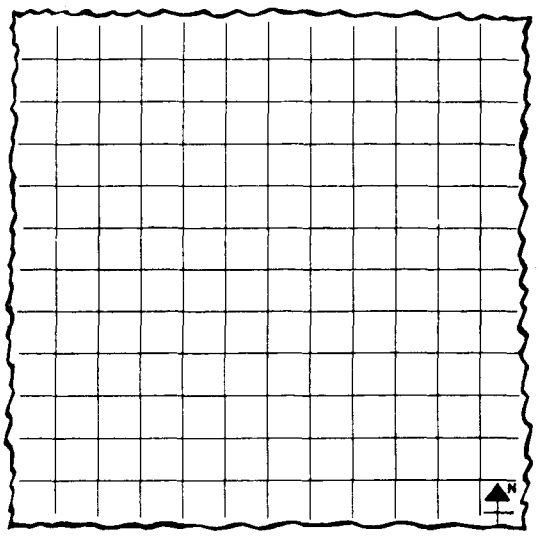
Salamanca 65
'Treasure Isle'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 65, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 1 March.



Clues in order across then down are of two types, i) normal, and ii) containing definition and hidden jumble of the answer, but mostly the former. Trusting punctuation is risky.

The grid is a form of squared treasure map which the solver must construct: land is indicated by letters/words, areas shaded or left blank are water, and some features on the map occupy an entire square! The treasure is indicated in the traditional manner and may be discovered with careful scrutiny.

'Twixt peak and cliff north-west align your eyes—
Look down the passage that the black crow flies—
On lonely south-east cape my coffer lies.

Name_____

Address_____

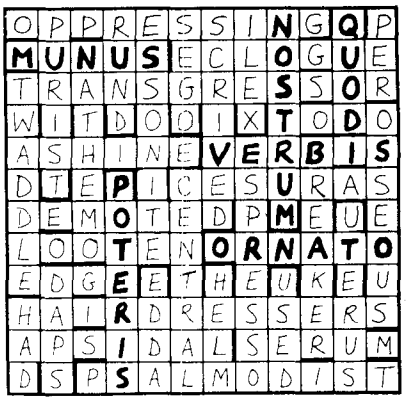
Clues: West to East:

Beware! It can be flooded at times (4), this sheath formed by sea rocks (5). Custom states, say, that last to return (5) is he called The Greek, famous (8) for stealing from Long John Silver (4). Where one bird with others shelters? (7) He wants what's yours, and he'll rove etc. wildly to get it (7) – this gulf in no-man's-land (4). Morgan's one evil doctrine (8) (once dug up treasure deeply buried (4)) isn't out of time, perhaps (3): he goes deep to hide record, right, and he'll stop you enjoying it (8). Straighten out twisted rotted (6) knives in woods and (3) 'avens, say (6), marshy offshoot, always concealed by turn but not completely (5). E.g. Captain of 'The Rover' (4). A glass, long being held (4) to the eye'd reveal thin (5) irregular prism around eastern end of isle – a coiled thread (7) which could be one's death, and is part of a burial site (9).

North to South:

Dainty old punishment for sailors, used with energy (4). Sargasso weed (4) revealed in cleft (3). Constellation over N. coast (6) – cold three-quarter haft clutched in grip (8). Here treasure's indicated on damaged paper (6) whose essential letters are (5) revealed by verse in a form of rune code (9) previously lost. Line we hear no longer (4), 'Fish without meat (6) I'll freeze' – said by crew in captain's hearing? (4) Second-in-command, short, dull and with thick hair (3) to have another go at cracking code runes (4). Part of bastion built up alee (6). They urge one forward with clubs (7). Bird of wooden-legged one (3) spots rotten trunk (5) and utters appreciative sounds to swashbucklers (3). Sulphur of which e.g. skull contains bands, with time (9). Hound? By ear, possibly (5). Letter man turns up containing death's-head (3) once near journey's end (3) pointed up to where hoard is perfectly hidden (6).

Solution to Salamanca 64

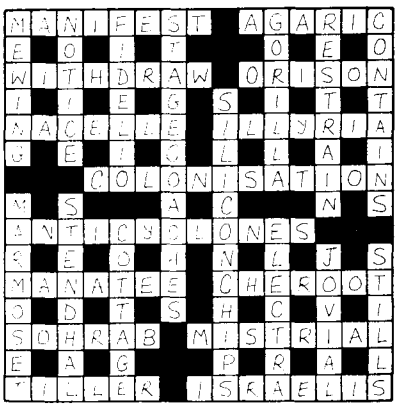


The line from Terence's Eunuchus translates as 'Enhance our gift with words as much as you can.'

Prizewinners to Salamanca 64

A. W. Barnes (Carlisle)
M. Corballis (Auckland, NZ)
J. Katz (London N8)

Solution to 1388



Prizewinners to 1388

L. Curtin (London NW3)
G. Maker (Chichester)
J. Worker (Nuneaton)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal – £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications – £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21.90). **Special rate for charities – £6.30 per s.c.c.** (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

Camden Unemployment Action Centre

SECOND ORGANISER POST

The Centre requires a person to work with the unemployed, concentrating on Women's Employment/ Unemployment issues. Salary up to March '83 at **£6,700** pa, from April '83 **£7,077** plus London Weighting. Labour movement or community organisation experience essential.

Application forms from:

CUAC, 8 Camden Road, London NW1 9DP

Closing date: **25 February 1983**

NATIONAL UNION OF PUBLIC EMPLOYEES

AREA OFFICER VACANCIES

Britain's fifth largest Trade Union, the National Union of Public Employees, which has over 700,000 members, is in the process of expanding its Organising Staff. A number of vacancies for full-time officers now exist at various locations throughout the country. Applications are invited from Trade Union members with a proven record of activity, involvement and commitment to the Trade Union and Labour Movement. The Union would be particularly interested in receiving applications from women and ethnic minorities.

The salary for the post will commence at **£8,513** per annum and a London Weighting Allowance of **£1,157** per annum will be paid where applicable.

Application Forms may be obtained from Mr Allan Taylor, National Organisation Officer, NUPE, 20 Grand Depot Road, Woolwich, London SE18 6SF. Telephone: 01-854 2244 ext 207.
The closing date for applications will be Thursday, 10 March 1983.

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New Statesman

We want to take on

TWO REPORTERS

One on a **permanent basis** and the other for a maximum of **SIX MONTHS**, but possibly less.

Experience of trade union or industrial/financial reporting would be an advantage for one of these jobs, but is not essential.

Salary for the permanent post will be in the region of £6,500-£8,000 p.a. depending on experience.

Please apply, sending a brief CV to:

The Editor, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

Closing date for applications: 11 February 1983.

MINORITIES ARTS ADVISORY SERVICE

Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Cres, London W2 6NE. Tel: 01-286 1854/8
requires the following:

London Co-ordinator

To co-ordinate our London activities and to encourage the development of ethnic minority arts and to contact and liaise with artists and arts organisations. Applicants must be energetic and efficient and have a keen interest in ethnic arts. Salary **£7,500**. Job description available on request.

Administrative and Secretarial Assistant

To assist in the administration of MAAS and to handle queries by or concerning ethnic minority artists. Good typing and general clerical skills essential. Salary **£6,500**. Job description available.

CLOSING DATE FOR BOTH POSTS 28 FEBRUARY

UNION OF SHOP, DISTRIBUTIVE & ALLIED WORKERS

TRADE UNION RESEARCH

USDAW requires **2 Research Assistants** at its Central Office in Manchester. Both Assistants will be involved in departmental and Research activities of a general and specific nature, but each position will carry separate and additional responsibilities.

One will be required to provide support services to National Negotiating Officers which will require of the applicant knowledge of Trade Union agreements, negotiating machineries, the ability to deal with written reports and enquiries and the capacity to maintain an efficient and orderly arrangement of documents and files.

The other Assistant will have special responsibility for the collation of financial information, the maintenance of records relating to companies and co-operative societies, the analysis of balance sheets and company reports and the provision of critical comments on financial performance.

In addition to the technical skills demanded by the work, it would be an advantage for applicants to have an appreciation of the Trade Union movement and experience and/or formal training in the social and economic background against which it operates.

The present salary on appointment is **£6,702** p.a. progressing to **£7,611** p.a.; superannuation scheme and generous holiday provisions. **Applications by letter giving full details, in an envelope marked "Research Assistant", and addressed to the undersigned, must be received by 14 February 1983: The General Secretary, Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers, 188 Wilmslow Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, M14 6LJ.**

FABIAN SOCIETY seeks Researcher to identify materials for 1984 Centenary Exhibition. Approximately 3 months work commencing not later than April 1983. Send brief CV to General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

West Midlands County Council

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT UNIT

The Unit is responsible to the County Council's Economic Development Committee for developing and implementing a series of radical economic policies in response to the serious economic problems facing the West Midlands. It is made up of 21 officers and support staff working to the Senior Adviser on Economic Development.
The work of the Unit covers a wide range of economic initiatives and intelligence, including industrial strategy; community strategy and the encouragement of co-operative enterprises in addition to the areas outlined below. The Unit has a close relationship with the West Midlands Enterprise Board, established by the County Council to invest in local industry.

The Unit is now seeking:

A SENIOR TRAINING INITIATIVES OFFICER up to £10,563 Post Ref: ED.40

To play an important role in designing and implementing a wide range of training initiatives. The County Council is in the process of introducing an innovative programme of Training Schemes which are expected to generate up to 1,500 places in the coming year. It gives particular emphasis in this programme to the needs of groups which face disadvantage in the labour market and the need to counterbalance some of the shortcomings of the Youth Training Scheme. The post is for a key member of the Unit's Community Strategy and Training Initiatives team.
Applicants should combine a sound knowledge of the training system, plus the skills and drive to develop new initiatives.

AN ECONOMIST (ECONOMIC ANALYSIS AND COMPANY MONITORING) up to £10,071 Post Ref: ED.50

To contribute to the Unit's work in monitoring and analysing the conditions and prospects of the County economy; establishing a data base on West Midlands companies, and conducting studies of the performance and policy of individual companies and providing an economic input to the development of the County Council's Structure Plan.
Applicants should be qualified in economics and have relevant experience.

2 ECONOMISTS up to £9,231

Post Ref: ED.20 Economic Projects, to contribute to the Unit's work in developing initiatives which result in the creation or retention of employment opportunities, both in co-operation with the Enterprise Board and directly by the County Council. Existing projects include the Warwick University Science Park, a loan interest relief scheme and a major land assembly project. Applicants should be capable of developing initiatives in conjuction with local businesses, work forces and community groups. Experience in appraising business proposals would be an advantage.
Post Ref: ED.120 Inner Areas, to contribute to the Unit's work in the inner areas of the County (which include the Birmingham Partnership area and the Wolverhampton Programme area.) The County Council funds a wide range of inner area initiatives, including training schemes; voluntary sector projects; land and premises for industry and industrial improvement areas. Applicants should be capable of developing both policy and initiatives so as to bring direct benefit to the inner area residents. The post will involve close contact with community groups, local firms and other bodies.

Application forms **(returnable by 18 February 1983)** and further information available from:

The County Personnel Officer
West Midlands County Council
County Hall, 1 Lancaster Circus
Queensway, Birmingham B4 7DJ
Tel: 021-300 7824

The County Council is an Equal Opportunities Employer

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ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

The Association of University Teachers wishes to appoint a research assistant to work in its research department. The person appointed will have a degree in Economics/Social Studies and an interest in trade unions.

The work will involve the maintenance of the Associations's research records and statistics and the development of the existing microcomputer facilities for financial, statistical and survey analyses.

Salary will be within the range **£6,708** to **£10,528** (inclusive of London Allowance) according to age and experience.

Apply by 21 February 1983 with a C.V. to: The General Secretary, AUT, United House, 1 Pembridge Road, London W11 3HJ from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

wishes to appoint

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

(Administration)

The principal tasks include office management and the administration of committee and council meetings. Salary **£8,000** per annum. For further details and an application form write to:

The Secretary, The Ramblers' Association, 1-5 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 (01-582 6878)

EL SALVADOR SOLIDARITY CAMPAIGN

is looking for two full time workers – *preferably Spanish speakers.* Reasonable salaries by negotiation. Send C.V. and references to:

ELSSOC, 29 Islington Park Street London N1.

Before 18 February

Academic

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

DEPARTMENT OF ADULT AND CONTINUING EDUCATION

Lecturer

Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer in the above Department for a fixed period of up to three years. Qualifications and special interests in teaching INDUSTRIAL STUDIES to trade unionists and the ability to co-ordinate and develop the Department's Industrial Studies programme *in West Yorkshire and part of North* Yorkshire, are required.

Salary on the Academic Scale for Lecturers, **£6,375-£13,505,** according to age, qualifications and experience.

Informal enquiries may be made to **J. T. Park (Leeds University 431751, Ext 7405 or 7335).**

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT, quoting reference number 26/25.

Closing date for applications **25 February, 1983.**

Jobs Abroad

PUT UP TENTS in France or pick plums in Britain. 'Summer Jobs Abroad' and 'Summer Jobs in Britain' both list 30,000 varied vacancies and cost £3.95 each from bookshops or Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

USA SUMMER JOBS: Ranches, resorts, etc. Up to £150 p.w. Directory listing 50,000 jobs in W. H. Smith etc. or £5.95 from Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

School

WYCHWOOD GIRLS' SCHOOL, Oxford. 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal Mrs J. E. Schuller, MA.

Accommodation Vacant

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE: large, 4 bedrooms, two thirds acre garden & terrace backing onto river Cam and fields. 5 min. bike ride City centre & colleges. About 6-8 weeks mid-late Feb. to mid April. Dates flexible. £120 p.w. Tel: (0223) 352182.

HIGHBURY. Furn. room avail. for short/long let in shared household. Socialist preferred. £30 p.w. incl. except phone. 01-226 4523.

Accommodation Exchange

BEAUTIFUL THREE-ROOM flat, roof garden, stunning view, trastevere, central Rome, available immediately, flexible period, exchangeable for accommodation in London, April or May to June by academic family visiting LSE. Tel: 010396 5810517. Write: Marcella Pompili, Via Del Moro 38 Roma.

LONELY?

Then use the **NS PERSONAL COLUMN!** Lonely Hearts ads receive an average of 20 replies, often many more, from like-minded people. It's still one of the cheapest and safest ways of meeting your ideal partner.

NO PRICE INCREASE IN 1983 FOR LONELY HEARTS in Personal.

You can still **ADVERTISE FOR AS LITTLE AS £5.20.**

Property

HIGHGATE, N6. Spacious 2-bed. mansion flat near tube. In good order, gas c.h. £39,950. Tel: 01-348 4799.

Holidays/Travel

ARCHAEOLOGY IN ISRAEL. Volunteer diggers needed for that different holiday next summer. Send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 36 Gt Russell Street WC1. 01-636 1261.

GREECE. Modern flat, all facilities. Facing sea/mountains. Sleeps 4 Tel: 01-863 1783.

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Tony Parker is doing a project about CO's in the 1939-1945 war, and would be glad to hear from anyone about his/her experiences. Box 5422.

TWO PROFESSIONAL women, one a mother, one not, one 30, one 40, one tall, one not, separate households, busy, interesting, funny, seek clever, successful unattached 'ames freres'. Small photo preferred. Box 5438.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Guys and Dolls', 'Schweyk in the Second World War'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'A Map of the World', 'Way Upstream'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Other Places', 'Kick for Touch'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines), 24 hour instant booking 01-200 0200. Group sales 01-379 6061 CC. 4 & 5 Feb. only Eves 7.30.
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Meetings

HUMAN RIGHTS AND MASS EXODUS. Minority Rights Group lecture by Sadruddin Aga Khan. 6 p.m. Thurs. 10 Feb. at 10 St James's Square, London SW1. Admission free.

LECTURE. Peter Abell, Professor of Sociology, Surrey University. 'The Future of Industrial Democracy in Europe'. Digby Stuart College, Roehampton Lane, London SW15. 1 p.m. 8 February 1983.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 6 Feb., 8 p.m. 'Sevenfold Man'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The Ethel M. Wood Memorial Lecture will be given by The Reverend Professor Barnabas Lindars, SSF, DD (University of Manchester) entitled: 'INTERPRETING JUDGES TODAY' at the University of London, Senate House, (Chancellor's Hall), Malet Street, London WC1 at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 8 February, 1983. Admission free, without ticket.

Book Fair

HAMPSTEAD BOOK FAIR (Secondhand & Antiquarian). Sun. 6 February 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Old Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3 (opp. Belsize Park Stn).

Courses

GREEK LANGUAGE Centre. Individual/group tuition. All areas of London. 01-446 2038 (10 a.m.-2.30 p.m.).

45-65? DISCUSS poss. living near/with like-minded: resid. 11-13 March. Details: 01-788 2147.

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LISTINGS

THUR 3 FEB

LONDON W8 Douglas Dunn will read from his poetry. 8pm Kensington Bookshop, 140 Church St. **Org Pembridge Poets.**

LONDON WC2 Zoe Fairbairns reads from new novel, *Stand We At Last* (Virago). Introduced by Michele Roberts, 7pm. City Lit, Stukely St, Drury Lane.

LONDON W1 A European strategy for Labour. Discn introduced by Terry Ward, Cambridge Economic Policy Gp. 7.30 Black Horse, Rathbone Place. **Org CSE London forum. 01-226 6400.**

FRI 4 FEB

LONDON Europe Nato and the Bomb. Spkrs incl Fred Halliday, Kate Soper, John Palmer, Pat Arrowsmith. 7.30 Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, London WC1. **Org Socialist Society. 01-734 8501.**

STOKE NEWINGTON British withdrawal from Ireland. Public mtng 7pm Stoke Newington Assembly Rooms, Stoke Newington Church St. **Org Troops Out Movement and Labour Conference on Ireland local branches.**

LONDON W9 Live bands and sound system in CND benefit – 'Europe demands a future'. 8pm St Mary's Hospital social club, Harrow Road. **Org Westminster CND.**

SAT 5 FEB

GLASGOW Afghanistan: an eye-witness account. Ron Brown MP. 10.30 McLellan Galleries, Sauchiehall St. **Org Scottish Council of Liberation. 041-339 9390.**

LONDON SE1 Afro-Caribbean struggle against imperialism. Conference with Ken Gill, Hilda Bernstein, Cuban Ambassador, Fennis Augustine. 10.30 County Hall. **Org Liberation and Britain-Cuba Resource Centre. 01-607 0465.**

5-6 FEB LONDON Socialist Society Annual Conference. Spkrs incl Tony Benn, Lynne Segal, Frances Morrell, Hilary Wainwright, Ruth Lister. Plenary sessions, workshops, Members' AGM. Sir William Collins School, Charrington St, NW1. **01-734 8501.**

LONDON N7 Women in the Soviet Union: possibilities for co-operation on peace and disarmament. Women's day school, 10.30-5pm, Jackson's Lane Community Centre, Archway Road. Creche. **Org END Women's Group. Pieta Monks 01-809 5863.**

LONDON WC1 New Macnaghten Concerts. Vocem, dir by Alan Belk. 7.30pm Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St.

CARDIFF Demonstration at Royal Ordnance factory, Llanishen. Bring decorations for fence. **Org Cardiff CND. 0222 488280.**

BLACKHEATH Medical Campaign Against Nuclear Weapons. Spkr Dr Lesley Bacon. 3pm 7 Kidbrooke Grove. **Org Fellowship Party. 01-856 6249.**

LONDON N1 Disco to raise funds for Irish Women's Abortion Rights. 8pm Bell pub, Pentonville Rd. Women only.

LONDON SE1 First national conference, Labour Briefing groups. Spkrs incl Ken Livingstone, Ann Bliss, Jeremy Corbyn, Merle Amory. Themes incl sexual politics, trade unions, race, political basis for unity. 10.30-6pm, County Hall.

SUN 6 FEB

THANET This and every Sunday, socialist discussion group meets at West Cliff, Ramsgate. **0843 582879.**

LONDON WC1 Blake and Reason. Spkr Steve Wyler. 11am, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. **Org South Place Ethical Society. 01-242 8032.**

KILBURN Film show, 'Better active today than radioactive tomorrow' and 'Children of the Ashes' followed by discn with spkrs from Greenham Common. 7pm Tricycle Theatre, Kilburn High Rd. Creche. **Org Kilburn Labour Party and CND.**

LEICESTER Why is Poland Different? Spkr Peter Cadogan. 6.30pm Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate, Leicester. **Org Leicester Secular Society. Leics 22250**

MON 7 FEB

RICHMOND Film 'Peace March 81' and spkr James Lamond MP. 8pm Richmond Methodist Church Hall, Kew Road. **Org Richmond and Twickenham Peace Campaign.**

LONDON WC1 CND week of action at LSE incs 'Wargame' on Monday and Tony Benn on Tuesday.

HAMPSTEAD Peace March, torchlit procession leaves Fortune Green Police Station 7pm to St Georges Hall for showing of 'Wargame'. **Org Hampstead Labour Party.**

LONDON W1 'A World Apart – the Culture of Non-Conformity'. Spkr Alun Howkins. 7.30 Black Horse, Rathbone Place. **Org History Workshop.**

TUES 8 FEB

CAMDEN Open meeting for Over 40s Unemployment Group with Guy Dauncey, author 'A Positive Approach to Unemployment'. 2.30pm Fleet Community Education Centre, Agincourt Road NW3. **01-485 9988.**

WED 9 FEB

LONDON W1 Suppression of the peace movement in Eastern Europe. Plus discussion on forthcoming Berlin Convention. 7pm Grafton Arms, 72 Grafton Way (Note change of venue.) **Org London END.**

LONDON WC1 The Force Strikes Back: the crisis, policing and schooling in a racist society. Spkrs Paul Gilroy, author 'The Empire Strikes Back' and John Fernandes, ex-lecturer *in multicultural studies, Hendon Police College.* 6pm Institute of Education Bedford Way. Preceded by AGM for members of All London Teachers Against Racism and Fascism. **Org ALTARF.**

SOUTH WOODHAM FERRERS Labour's policies; spkrs Clive Playford and Hilary Barndard, prospective parliamentary candidates. 8pm WI Hall, Hullbridge Rd. **Org Maldon and Chelmsford CLPs.**

LONDON N1 The Peace Game – showing of government propaganda film followed by discussion on capitalism and war. 8pm Prince Albert, Wharfdale Road, Kings Cross. **Org Socialist Party of Great Britain.**

LONDON EC1 Britain's Black Press. Spkr Arif Ali, *editor Caribbean Times.* 6.15pm Rm U316, City University, Northampton Sq. **Org City University Afro-Caribbean Society.**

THURS 10 FEB

LONDON SW1 Annual Minority Rights Group lecture. 'Human rights and mass exodus' by Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan. 6pm 10 St James Sq.

10-11 FEB LONDON SW15 Literature and imperialism. Conf; spkrs incl Patha Mitter, Mbulelo Mzamane, Prabhu Guptara, Jeffrey Richards. 9.30 at Richardson Hall, Digby Stuart College, London SW15. **Org by English Dept, Roehampton Institute. 01-946 2234.**

FORTHCOMING

11 FEB Birmingham Brig Michael Harbottle speaks on UN Peacekeeping 12 noon George Cadbury Hall, Bristol Rd, and debates with Joan Ruddock, Winston Churchill at 7.30pm Birmingham University Students Union. **Org W Midlands CND. 021 632 6909.**

Wembley Charity Gala with Loose End, Classic Black, Safari Steel Band, Legba Dance Group. 7pm Brent Town Hall, Wembley. For Sickle Cell Society

Guildford Debate between Edward Hard (SPGB) and Margaret Sharp (SDP) on solution to the current economic crisis. 8pm, Mount Social Club Hall, off Portsmouth Road.

11-12 FEB London WC2 Human Rights in Medicine. Conference on implications of technological developments in medicine for human rights. Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields. **Org by London Medical Group, Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London WC1.**

12 FEB London WC1 Equal Pay for Work of Equal Value. Conf with Baroness Seear and Dipak Nandy. 2.30-6pm YWCA, Great Russell St. **Org Fawcett Society. 01-587 1287.**

Dartford Prof David McLellan speaks on Marx in the Modern World at WEA day school. 2-6.30pm East Hill Drive Adult Education Centre. £1. **Terry Tarrant Dartford 23984.**

London SE1 Positive action for women in *broadcasting.* Women only workshop 10am, County Hall. Creche. **Org by NCCL Women's Rights Unit. 01-403 3888.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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